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[FEBRUARY.]

THE ECLECTIC:

Monthly Review and Miscellany.

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BOOKS RECEIVED.

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| <p>Archippus; or, The Christian Ministry. By Pastor Emeritus. London: Judd & Glass.</p> <p>Baptist Magazine. Jan. London: Pewtress & Co.</p> <p>Bohn's Scientific Library—Morphy's Games of Chess. London: H. G. Bohn.</p> <p>British Quarterly Review. Jan. London: Jackson and Walford.</p> <p>Cathedra Petri. Books 1 to 8. 3 Vols. London: Thickbroom Brothers.</p> <p>Central Truths. By the Rev. Chas. Stanford. London: Jackson and Walford.</p> <p>Children's Harp (The). London: Knight & Sons.</p> <p>Church and its Living Head (The). By the Rev. Wm. Hanna, LL.D. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.</p> <p>Columbus. A Poem. By Britannicus. London: A. W. Bennett.</p> <p>Commentary on the Book of Psalms. By Wm. De Burgh, D.D. Parts 17 and 18. Dublin: Hodges, Smith, and Co.</p> <p>Congregational Union—Aberdare Addresses. London: Jackson and Walford.</p> <p>Congregational Year Book. 1860. London: Jackson and Walford.</p> <p>Correspondant (Le).</p> <p>Counsels to Young Men on Self-Improvement. By the Rev. Wm. Swan.</p> <p>Cousin's Courtship (The). By John R. Wise. 2 Vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.</p> <p>Daily Bible Teachings designed for the Young. By Thulia S. Henderson. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.</p> <p>Dublin University Magazine. Jan. Dublin: Thom and Sons.</p> <p>Educator (The). Jan. London: Ward and Co.</p> <p>Footprints of Jesus. Vol. 3. London: Judd and Glass.</p> <p>Good Words. Part 1. Edinburgh: Strahan & Co.</p> <p>Ierne. Part 1. London: Partridge and Co.</p> | <p>Iona; or, the Early Struggles of Christianity in Scotland. By James H. Wilson. London: Judd and Glass.</p> <p>Irish Revivals—The Ulster Awakening. By the Rev. John Weir, D.D. London: Arthur Hall, Virtue, and Co.</p> <p>Journal of Psychological Medicine. Jan. London: Churchill.</p> <p>Leisure Hour. Part 96. London: Religious Tract Society.</p> <p>Lessons for the Young on the Six Days of Creation. By L. Gaussen, D.D. With Introductory Notice, by John Robson, D.D. Edinburgh: Constable and Co.</p> <p>Liberator (The). Jan. London: What to See and How to See it. London: W. F. Crofts.</p> <p>Macmillan's Magazine. No. 3.</p> <p>M'Clintock's Narrative. London: John Murray.</p> <p>Metropolitan Sunday Rest Association. Report. 1858-9.</p> <p>Mutinies in Oude (Narrative of the). By Capt. G. Hutchinson. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.</p> <p>National Review. No. 19. Jan. London: Chapman and Hall.</p> <p>Old Coalpit (The). By E. J. May. London: J. W. Parker.</p> <p>Origin of Species. By Chas. Darwin, M.A. London: John Murray.</p> <p>Patience of Hope. By the Author of "A Present Heaven." Edinburgh: Constable and Co.</p> <p>Preparing for Home. By the Rev. Jonathan Watson. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black.</p> <p>Prevailing Prayer. With Introduction, by Norman Macleod, D.D. Edinburgh: Strahan and Co.</p> <p>Prison Opened (The). By the Rev. Josiah Viney. London: The Book Society.</p> <p>Protestant Dissenters' Almanack, 1860. London: C. R. Nelson.</p> |
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THE ECLECTIC.

FEBRUARY, 1860.

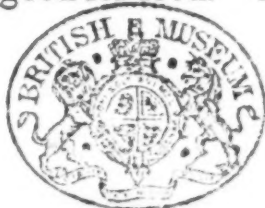
I.

FATE OF SIR JOHN FRANKLIN.

A Narrative of the Discovery of the Fate of Sir John Franklin and his Companions. By Captain M'CLINTOCK, R.N., LL.D. With Maps and Illustrations. London: Murray. 1859. pp. 402.

THE dream of the merchant-adventurers of England for three centuries past has been the attainment, by a short passage of ice and storm, to the glories and gauds of an Eastern clime, its luxurious languor, and its luscious fruits—a dream never to be realised in the sense in which it played before the tricky fancy. A fair Atlantis, a Sabbath of rest rose, rolled before the visions of these sons of thrift and toil; and, credulous as children to a fairy tale, they sought the summer clime, the waters that flowed silently, beyond the Polar Sea; but the very discovery of the passage has extinguished those olden and fantastic hopes. For three hundred years and upwards this dream was nevertheless the stimulant of hardy enterprise and unstinted expenditure—the earlier adventures being the outgrowth of private impulse, and not of national or royal patronage. A gallant set were they, and a hardy, who first coasted the region of Labrador, and pushed northward into the circle of perpetual frost—a race of whom England may well be proud, progenitors of the race not less daring and enduring, who in our own day have solved the problem, and rent the veil of the Arctic Isis, but with no mercantile or poetic results. Cabot, Hudson, Davies, Baffin, Thorne, Hore, Lok, Frobisher, Fotherby, who can pronounce without the respect which courage and science inspire, associating them with Parry, Ross, Franklin, and the living heroes of the north-western enterprise? The man that first looked off the deck of a “caravell” of twenty tons upon a sea and scene of boundless ice, and encountered its horrors, and traced its margin as far as he might, must have been a man with heart as sturdy as his native oak, and cased in a mail of threefold brass. This vision of barrenness and fear was quite unlike the fancies entertained of those “landes never known before,” that cheered their launch from fair Bristowe, with promise of “spicerie,” and “gold, rubies, diamonds, bolasses, granates, jacinets, and other stones, and pearles”—matters “pleasant to the eye and good for food.” The dream is over and gone;

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but the geographical problem is solved, and science and England and the whole human race is better for the fortitude, faith, and manhood that have signalized these Arctic expeditions from first to last.

Sebastian Cabot is the earliest voyager who ascertained for the existence of these rugged climes, and traced the coast-line of America as far north as 67 degrees in 1497, drawing the inference "by reason of the sphere," that "by way of the north-west a shorter track into India" might be found, and it is added that "men became excited by this fame and report to attempt some notable thing." After him followed, in desultory succession, one and another—the greater part of them in the eighteenth century—including the names of Cook and Nelson, till at last the evidence of a water communication between the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans growing yearly more demonstrative, our own century has pushed the enterprise to a proof. What Sir John Barrow, the father of modern Arctic discovery, asserted all along to be the Q.E.D. of northern geographical investigation, and affirmed to be practically ascertained that "the current which sets round the icy cape, after continuing along the northern coast of America, discharges itself through the Fury and Hecla Strait of Parry into the Atlantic," the course of events since Franklin's last expedition has confirmed, and settled for ever the fact that there is a water communication between the two oceans. But as all great enterprise is inaugurated with costly sacrifice, this grand exploration was not to be an exception to the rule—Sir John Franklin and Captain Crozier, in the *Erebus* and *Terror* with able officers and their picked crews, were to lay down their lives a holocaust on the altar of their country's glory and of the triumphs of science. These devoted and courageous men sailed from the Thames on the 26th of May, 1845, followed by the most sincere prayers for their success, and the most ardent aspirations for their safe return. The instructions given the expedition were singularly clear and forcible, indicating the very track in which the north-west passage has at last been found. Sir John Franklin was not sent on a wild-goose chase into the unlimited vastness of the icy seas, but was directed to confine his research to that part of Barrow's Strait southward and westward of Melville Island and Cape Walker, where actually at last M'Clure and Collinson found the problem solved, and the mystery of ages and generations cleared up. "We direct you," say the instructions, "to this particular part of the Polar Sea, as affording the best prospect of accomplishing the passage to the Pacific." From $74\frac{1}{2}$ degrees north latitude and 98 west longitude the search was intended to begin west and south; and only when that region was traversed in quest of the missing crews were any substantial traces of the expedition found. Strange that hallucination should have so misled many an exploring venture before M'Clintock's, as to go almost anywhere rather than where his instructions bound Sir John Franklin to proceed. In this view the voyage of Kane up Smith's Inlet cannot be considered other than a great mistake; but it

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shares that characteristic with several others from our own country. The painful conclusion is forced upon us by the result of Captain McClintock's search, that the northern winds that sweep the pole might never have howled their dirges over our hapless countrymen in 1848, if the expeditions undertaken for their relief had pursued the only rational plan of making direct for the spot where the instructions of the Admiralty should have led the missing ships. Nothing could possibly have been more mismanaged than the whole scheme of rescue—the more strange when universal sympathy stimulated science to propose its most reliable plans, and a great empire to employ its inexhaustible resources to achieve the object in view. What remains for us, now that the disastrous end is known, is regret for the past, and a warning for the future; for there, where the earliest investigation should have been made, the miserable relics of the ill-starred expedition were found—an altar of sacrifice, not a trophy of success. Even yet, with all the light which these painful reliquiae cast upon the history of Franklin's expedition, so marvellously well has the secret of the dysthanasia of these brave men been kept, that affection knows not where to weep, nor national regret on what shore to raise their sepulchre. We know that Sir John Franklin died on the 11th of June, 1847; but we know not where the funeral honours were accorded him—

“Pulveris exigui parva munera.”

That he was interred on shore we take for granted, unless, indeed, his remains were preserved in spirits for transmission to England with the return of the vessels. A very inadequate search has hitherto been made into this as well as into other matters of far more serious import. How did they perish? Where did they perish? Do any still survive? “are questions answerless and yet incessant.” Neither tide of ocean nor breeze of land has whispered the thrilling tale—neither apocryphal Esquimaux nor dubious interpreter—neither credulous whaler nor intelligent expeditionist, in such accents as command belief. No clue has yet been furnished to the remains of the dead, and no anodyne applied to the anxieties of the living. It is scarcely too loud a reproach to vent against all the expensive and well-founded exploratory expeditions sent out from this country, from 1847 to the very last, to cite the impassioned inquiry of Campbell:

“O star-eyed science! hast thou wandered there
To waft us home the message of despair?”

Among the expeditions sent out in search of the missing navigators, none is so interesting, previous to M'Clintock's, from the magnitude of its results, as that of Captain M'Clure, because it at once and for ever opened the knot of the Arctic transit puzzle, and laid curiosity to rest. This distinguished and enterprising sailor, in the *Investigator*, and Captain Collinson, in the *Enterprise*, made their entrance into the Arctic basin—by the Gate of Behring's Straits, aiming to effect

a junction eastward with the other expeditions that had reached the Arctic circle by Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound, hoping to be tidings of Franklin and his party, should that ill-fated sailor had succeeded in driving his ship through the ice south and west of Cape Walker.

On the look-out for Franklin's missing party, the ships of this expedition seized every opportunity of intercourse with the Esquimaux, when casual parties of that singularly dirty and disagreeable people fell in the way. The expectations of the party often shaped the inferences they drew from matters of observation and suspicion amongst the natives. For instance, if a person fairer than another appears among them on shore, the person who examines the group with a telescope from the deck pronounces him a European. Anything in the shape of a mound is directly supposed to be a foreigner's grave, and any signal post, of which there are many, the erection of the lost men. These fancies shaped the vision, and deluded the hope of the crew on more than one occasion; but it is now certain, from all that has transpired within the last two years with the *Fox*, that the Franklin expedition, neither by sea nor land, ever reached this region at all, and can only be tracked in longitude further east.

The Esquimaux encountered by the successive voyagers to the Arctic regions, were marked by the usual characteristics of that unattractive race of men. They chewed the cud and divided the hoof, yet were they indubitably classifiable with unclean animals. That "cleanliness is next to godliness" was a wise saw which had never reached so high a latitude as theirs. They suffered as a nation from a uniform complaint—hydrophobia. They had no faith in the water-cure. Anabaptism could never succeed among them. *Death before immersion* would have been their cry of despair. Their unsavoury savour was that of a midden in midsummer—to rub noses with them was perpetual assafoetida. All the comparisons where with you would compare them were, in Mrs. Malaprop's phrase, literally "odorous." Had we been there we should have preferred them anywhere except between the wind and our nobility. The offence of their nastiness was rank—it smelled to heaven! Human pachyderms, their skin was crass with dirt; to make them extemporaneous birds they needed only feathers, for they were tarred already with grime. They were the poetry of filthiness and foetor—the *ne plus ultra* of human disregard of the decencies. Only hyperborean noses and nerves could bear a daily association with a people of such a high celestial flavour as this; for ordinary mortals this ammonian relish were over high.

"For human nature's daily food."

Mr. McDougall, in his extremely interesting and business-like journal, declares that they "outvied all he had previously seen in want of cleanliness, and were, without exception, the most

disgustingly filthy race of human beings it has been my lot to encounter. The men might possibly at some remote period have indulged in a wash, but it is my firm conviction that the boys, apparently ten or twelve years old, had never undergone anything in the form of an ablutionary process. It is, however, almost impossible to convey an idea of the personal appearance of these degraded creatures who, though to us objects of commiseration, were by no means of that opinion themselves. On the contrary, they, with a most amusing serio-comic expression of countenance, imitated our gestures and words; and whenever success attended their endeavours, the performer was rewarded by the boisterous laughter of those around, which, in their excess of mirth, brought tears into their eyes." "The appearance of the interior of the tents was quite in keeping with their persons. The skins strewn around were anything but inviting, and although not very fastidious, it would take a considerable time to reconcile one to the thoughts of seeking repose amongst so much filth. Strewn around on the outside of the tents were bones of birds and seals, besides a quantity of putrid seal flesh and intestines, sending forth an offensive smell. We, of course, considered this to be the refuse on which probably the dogs were fed, but were soon enlightened by seeing one of the ancient ladies take a portion of the entrails, and swallow a quantity of it as Italians do macaroni. Being, however, a few yards in length, she was unable to swallow the whole, and therefore contented herself with a foot or two, which was severed with a knife. This feat completed our disgust." As well it might, Esquimaux macaroni is a somewhat rich idea, but unsavoury withal.

And yet these children of the North thrive on the garbage of their food, and the rudeness of their habits, and seemed in most cases active, strong, and healthy, save for an affection of the eyes, which was common. The women are more interesting than the men, smaller in stature, lively and cheerful. Their infants are carried on their back, hidden from view under their hooded jumper. When baby is released from its confinement, the mother unties the string round her waist, by which it is supported, and clutching the little biped dexterously by the leg, she brings it out of its dungeon, as naked as it was born. M'Clintock records such an occurrence:—"Whilst intent upon my bargaining for silver spoons and forks belonging to Franklin's expedition, at the rate of a few needles or a knife for each relic, one pertinacious old dame, after having obtained all she was likely to get from me for herself, pulled out her infant by the arm, and quietly held the poor little creature (for it was perfectly naked) before me in the breeze, the temperature at the time being 60 deg. below freezing point! Petersen informed me that she was begging for a needle for her child."—p. 235.

If designed to stay in that exposed position for any time, she clothes it in a little sealskin jacket like her own. The teeth of the women are white as ivory, and are constantly displayed in vociferous laughter; their feet and hands are beautifully formed, and small.

They tattoo their under lip to the chin in vertical and diverging lines. The fetish, or amulet, which the Esquimaux carry with them in hunting and fishing excursions, is usually a piece of ivory, about four inches long, carved with the figure of a bird or other animal on it. The family boat of the natives is called a baidar, and is paddled by women, but they have also oomiaks and kayaks. The baidar, like the others, is formed of skins of seals, stripped of their hair, and stretched over a frame-work of wood or whalebone. These contain many persons. The oomiak is the woman's boat; distinctively, the kayak the canoe of a single Esquimaux. It is sixteen or seventeen feet long, extremely buoyant, propelled by a single paddle, and weighs about forty-five pounds, so that it can be carried on the shoulders with ease. It is capacious enough to contain all the implements of war and of the chase, as well as a sufficient supply of food. An Esquimaux, with his kayak adequately furnished, is as well provided for as a snail in its shell. The baidars are twenty-four feet long, by four broad, with seats across like the boats. The women propel them with great dexterity through the water. The nets they employ in fishing are made very ingeniously out of the ham-string tendons of reindeer, in lengths of about thirty inches, and are knotted neatly by the hand. Most of the American Esquimaux trade either directly or indirectly in furs with the Hudson Bay Company. For the skin of the silver fox, a singularly rare and beautiful fur, they obtain about half-a-crown's worth of goods; while a good specimen of that fur is worth fifty guineas in the European market. Some one must realise a large profit—a portentous gain—for a very insignificant *quo*, on such a transaction.

Their only weapon for the chase is the bow, which they use with unerring aim. They capture the whale with harpoons, which they launch with the utmost dexterity. The harpoons have a piece of inflated skin, or bladder, attached to the upper part by a tendon, cord, or a walrus hide thong; and when thrown the barbed portion becomes detached from the shaft when it hits its object, the skin still adhering to it. In this way a whale is pursued by the men in kayaks, and receives such a number of wounds in succession as it comes to the surface, and becomes so worried and exhausted from loss of blood that escape is very rare. The spear heads are mostly made of bone, but also of flint, and sometimes of iron. One tribe met near Wollaston Land had all their implements of copper, and were in possession of abundant pure copper ore. Knives, arrows, needles, and other cutting and piercing instruments were all formed of this metal in the most ingenious and perfect manner by the simple process of hammering, without recourse to the use of fire. Skins were also prepared by them with the greatest ingenuity. The Esquimaux are probably of Mongolian race, and are met with in the extreme north-eastern limit of Asia, in the Aleutian Islands, along the entire coast of America, and as far eastward as Greenland; to the south, as far as Hudson's Bay; and to the north, wherever the Arctic regions have been explored. They consider themselves quite

superior to the Kabloonas, or white men. They are generally well proportioned, but their size is under the average height, only five feet four inches, though some among them creep up to a taller stature. They possess keen small black eyes, the external commissure somewhat drooped. There is generally an absence of beard or whiskers, but in the seniors there is a more generous growth. The cavity of the mouth, often practically tested by the hugest gobbits of blubber, is prodigious. They seem to recognise the existence of a Supreme Being, but otherwise have no religion. Polygamy exists among them, whenever the husband chooses to afford the expensive luxury of a second wife. As a race, they steal and lie without shame or compunction, yet are true to each other, affectionate to their children, courageous and active, and extremely industrious in providing food against winter. In patience and endurance of cold and hunger, in ingenuity of construction and device with the coarsest implements, in perseverance and tenacity in the chase by sea and by land, in short in all the virtues of uncivilized man, they will bear comparison with any other race upon the face of the globe. It is a grievous pity and a mortal wrong to these poor waifs and outlying borderers of humanity, that more is not done, and persistently and systematically done, for their elevation and evangelization. That portion of the race of which we now speak, occupying the north-western shores of America, seems to have been entirely unreachd by missionary effort hitherto.

By the 6th of September, after one month's sailing along the coast, the crew of the *Investigator* were off the small islands near Cape Parry, thus far they were on known ground. They now steered northward and eastward, and next morning discovered high land, but with the pack of ice resting on its western shore. This determined Captain McClure on adopting a course northward along its eastern side, which appeared comparatively clear. The headland they called Nelson's Head, and the land itself Baring Island. Making sail to the eastward, land was soon perceived in that direction, also Prince Albert's Land in lat. 72 deg. 1 min. north, and long. 119 deg. 25 min. west, leading to the inevitable conclusion that they were now in a channel between two islands, which, if unobstructed, would open into Barrow's Strait, and thus solve the problem over which science had been scratching its pate and nibbling its finger nails so long. In fact, seventy miles alone separated them at this point from Barrow's Strait, but a large portion of the intervening water was covered by dense ice, the accumulation of centuries. The drift bore them occasionally back from even this position; but hoping that another summer would furnish greater advantages for Arctic research the Captain determined to hazard the chance of wintering in the pack to returning disappointed of his quest. Travelling parties sent north along the line of navigation, proved that this channel communicated with the sea opposite Captain Parry's Melville Island, and thus settled for ever the long-agitated question of a north-west passage. As soon as this point was definitively ascertained, it was

in the following modest terms in the ship's log of the *Investigator*:—

"October 31st, 1850. The Captain returned at 8.30 a.m.; and at 11.30 a.m., the remainder of the party, having upon the 29th instant, ascertained that the waters we are now in communicate with those of Barrow's Strait, the north-eastern limit being in lat. 73 deg. 31 min. N.; long. 114 deg. 39 min. W., thus establishing the existence of a north-west passage between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans."

And there they stayed till July 17th next year, before they could obtain their release from the chains of their icy environment, but with that day began their course southward, and round the western or seaward side of Baring Island, or Banks' Land, which, for undisguised horror, risk, and invincible daring is almost without parallel in the annals of naval enterprise. Succeeding in that course, the ship was forced into Barrow's Strait at its western entrance, coasted the shore till it reached a bay, called appropriately the Bay of Mercy, and was there frozen in in lat. 74 deg., long. 118 deg. on the 24th September, 1851. There the good ship probably still lies, and may lie for ever, its position being land-locked except to the north, having been abandoned finally in the early summer of 1853, after two winters spent there on the rescue of the crew by a party from her Majesty's ship *Resolute*, commanded by Captain Kellett. No men ever earned renown by more strenuous perseverance in the face of difficulties than the crew of the *Investigator*. No one ever solved a problem of the actual tidal communication between the two great oceans before Captain M'Clure, and it seems an ungenerous course which is pursued by many since the return of the *Fox*, to insinuate that Sir John Franklin had made a prior discovery of the passage. We do not disparage the merits of that fine old sailor, because indulgence is due to the dead, where indulgence is demanded by the infirmities or failures of those who cannot speak for themselves; but without the slightest ground for believing that Franklin needs indulgence, we must allege that his case is not proven by his advocates. It may be that his vessels were last seen in a channel which, if pursued, might land one westward beyond the mouth of the Copper-mine River; but if so, he was only there in obedience to his instructions. Again, that such communication by water does exist in that region is a point only surmised, not determined, even yet. And last and saddest of all, whatever may be the fate of his drifting ships, if they should ever find their way into the open sea west of Baring Island, the fact of a passage may be demonstrated by sheer force of nature and flow of currents, but not by Franklin. It is absurd to say of a man who was dead in June, 1847, that he had ascertained a point to which, in the only existing record of his voyage in the north, no allusion is made; and it is ungenerous to the living, whose experiment is demonstrative, to endeavour to tear the laurel from their brow. The President of the Geographical Society and the colleagues of Sir Robert M'Clure in northern adventure, ought

to be above this unworthy attempt to tarnish the brightness and success of his achievement. Others thought the passage possible, attempted it, were on the way to it, and within an ace of it—but McClure made it. Sundry endeavours were prosecuted by undoubtedly able and ingenious men to set this egg upon its end, but McClure has done it at once, and for ever. We heartily endorse the language of Brown in his History of the North-west passage:—"That enterprising commander settled the question, that truly British question, of a north-west passage; and we feel it cannot be too often printed, or too widely known, that it was done by Britain. Alas! that Franklin and his gallant associates were not restored to join in the exultation, that another wreath had been added to their country's fame."

There are two circumstances of the utmost interest which we are bound to notice in connection with this voyage, the one geological, and the other economical, bearing as they do, the former upon the history of our globe, and the latter upon the means of supporting life in the Arctic regions. The tropic dream of our early navigators would have been a matter-of-fact reality at some unknown period of the earth's annals in those realms where now the Ice-king holds undisputed sway, for indestructible evidence exists that there palm-groves once waved their fan-like branches, there the elephant and rhinoceros crushed their way amid opposing trunks, and there the eastern pigeon cooed its song of love. The trees that once clothed those naked heights have sent their fossil *débris* to attest their early existence home to England; and visitors of our museums may themselves see and handle the arborage that shaded panting beasts and birds from a sun no less fierce than that which now with its furnace-heat scorches the prowling lion of Africa, or the tiger of Bengal.

The greater part of the coast of America facing the Arctic Sea, along which, close inland, the *Investigator* passed, say from 155 to 125 deg. of longitude, is low and flat—in this presenting a marked difference to the coast of Greenland, which is faced with lofty and sometimes inaccessible cliffs and promontories. In the interior it is true, and at a distance, spots of greater elevation were found; but the general characteristic of the lands bordering the sea was a very gradual and slow ascent. All the evidence goes to indicate an emergence from the sea at no very remote period; and, singular to say, the coast presents tokens, at the same time of having been dry and forest-land of considerable elevation before it sank into the sea, previous to its present restoration to the world. In more than one place, but in one notably, on Banks' Land, petrified trees were found in great abundance where now no trees will grow. About three hundred feet from the sea-level, and a quarter of a mile from the beach in the last-named locality, lat. 74 deg., numerous ends of trunks and branches of trees were seen protruding through the rich loamy soil in which they were embedded. On excavating to some extent, the entire hill was found to be a ligneous formation, being composed of trees, some of

fresh, the woody structure perfect, but hard and dense. In a few situations the wood, from its flatness and the pressure to which it had been exposed, presented a laminated structure, with the traces of coal. The trunk of one tree, the end of which protruded, was twenty-six inches in diameter by sixteen inches; that of another, a portion of which was taken on board, was seven feet in length and three feet in circumference. These have been pronounced to be pine; but there must have been oak trees also, for acorns were found, as well as pine-cones, in process of silicification. Distinct stratifications of wood were also observed cropping out on the bare sides of the hills in horizontal lines formed by the protrusion of the ends of trees, to some of which the bark still adhered. The discovery of wood in a recent and petrified state in regions whose blighting climate is opposed to the nurture of vegetable life, as evidenced in its scanty flora, partial verdure, and creeping dwarf-willow, its only arborescent production, is a subject for geological research no less interesting than strange. The same feature has been discovered in New Siberia in the same latitude, and in Melville Island, two degrees further north, nor less in the Antarctic circle, thus establishing the fact that throughout the wide extent of the Polar seas, as far as observation has enabled us to determine, there existed at one period various and luxuriant forms of arborescent growth in regions where nothing now is to be seen but desolate lands and trackless icy wastes. The abundance of coal in all the regions traversed by McClintock leads to the same conclusion, heat being one of the elements necessary to its formation, the presence, moreover, of ammonite and trilobite fossils, of the former of which Professor Haughton expressly says, "It appears to me difficult to imagine the possibility of such a fossil living in a frozen or even a temperate sea" (p. 393). Undoubted remains of huge saurians have also been lighted upon in these regions, together with the mammoth and the elephant—the whole evidence of facts gathered from a wide hyperborean surface conducing to McClintock's hesitant hypothesis based upon recent and superficial data.—"Many centuries ago a milder climate *may*, and probably *did*, exist, and a corresponding modification of glacier, and a sea less ice-encumbered" (p. 220). The facts thus rendered incontrovertible lead us to but one conclusion, that lands, probably of much greater extent, different in physical character, covered with forests, and with a climate more elevated in temperature, preceded the upheaval from the bed of the ocean of those now in existence. Hence the great accumulation of wood and coal beneath the surface, in various stages of organic change—metallized, carbonized, and silicified, resulting from one of those remote and inscrutable terrestrial convulsions associated with the great secondary era of geological formation in the creation of the world. The former lands having been for ages submerged, were upheaved above the surface by some powerful submarine volcanic action, and enveloped in the shingly bed of the sea; they

were again thrown upward as now, and from the chemical and igneous products of these combined operations the present appearances result. The history of this still unwritten page of the earth's annals, what pre-Adamite Herodotus shall show?—the book, who shall open?—the seal, who break?—the hieroglyph, who reveal? Did living man then tread the earth along with the mammals that roamed these hyperborean forests? Did they marry and give in marriage, laugh, weep, work, die, like the races now existing, or were these regions only the haunt of the quadruped, the reindeer, and bear, as well as of the mammoth and elephant? None may tell, and few even plausibly conjecture. The silence that pervades these present solitudes rules the past—we gaze upon a tomb, not a revelation—we question the oracle, but its response is the echo that mocks our request. Active volcanic agencies are still in operation in those regions; for the fires and smoke seen from shipboard, which were supposed to proceed from Esquimaux encampments, were more than once found on landing to proceed from natural mounds, hollow at the top, into which, when excavation was made, large masses of lime, sulphur, alum, and silenite were dug out in a burning state. Several small rills of water impregnated with the same substances, of an elevated temperature, flowed in the neighbourhood of these stratified mounds.

Of the superabundance of animal life in the regions adjacent to the North Pole, as high at least as lat. 77 deg., the evidence is satisfactory. Granite and other rocks, where absolutely bare of vegetation, are of course bare of sustenance for organic life; but wheresoever there is any depth of surface-soil and any coating of moss, where, moreover, there are accessible seas and ordinary skill in fishing and harpooning, both flesh and fish in satisfying quantities may be found. Captain Collinson, for instance, obtained in the pools in Wollaston Land, a fine supply of fish of which he could afford to salt a thousand salmon for use at sea, while other game rewarded expertness at the rifle with no bad substitute for beef, in the ribs of musk oxen and the haunches of Arctic venison. These larger game of the quadruped kind would not be in the high condition of a stalled ox, or the wearer of a medal at the Baker-street Cattle-show—especially at the fag-end of an unusually severe winter season—and yet might stew down into nutritive hashes and broths, to diversify the loathsome iteration of preserved meats, which no appetite can long relish. These fresh meats are further very wholesome, even when lean; while the chase and capture supply a most healthful stimulus to men who would otherwise pine and fret themselves ill under the darkness, dulness, and freezing chill of their untoward position.

Foxes were frequently caught in very inartificial traps, laid even on deck, to which the little Reynards would hie in quest of food. In mid-winter these miserable starvelings, when dissected, would commonly be found with their stomachs empty, or only small pieces of dwarf-willow, half masticated, therein. Hares were occa-

were seen at distant intervals, and commonly a single bird alone. The Ptarmigan spring brought with it the snow bunting. Reindeer and musk oxen were not wanting, although shy and difficult to kill; the valleys and ravines intersecting Banks' Land, like the still deeper valleys and more abrupt escarpments of Melville Island, supplying them with an unusual degree of shelter and mossy diet. Bears were common, but not so common their capture, as they are by no means an easy animal to kill, their sharp swinging trot easily distancing those in pursuit, who are cumbered with their heavy Arctic clothing. The seal is the favourite food of the bear, but Bruin is not particular as to diet; anything he can swallow goes down—a jar of raisins, rolls of court plaister, tobacco leaf, shag, twist, or grass-cut, as readily as raw flesh, and he suffers from his voracity. One mode of taking bears by the Esquimaux is ingenious. A thick and strong piece of whalebone, about four inches broad and two feet long, is rolled up into a small compass, and carefully enveloped in blubber, forming a round ball. This is dropped in Bruin's way, who, deeming it a luscious morsel, swallows it, to his great detriment; for no sooner does the blubber melt within, than the whalebone being freed, springs back, distends the stomach, and causes the death of the wretched monster in the greatest agony ere long. The snow owl visited the haunts of the wintering crew; gulls made their appearance everywhere in the vicinity of open water, being of the three kinds—*Glaucus*, *Argentatus*, and *Tridactylus*. Pin-tailed ducks and snow geese followed the summer in the higher regions, avoiding the sun. Golden plover and sanderlings appeared in the warm weather. Moose-deer were doubtfully reported as being on Banks' Land. The jer-falcon sometimes rewarded the labours of the naturalist.

The reindeer proved invaluable as a source of supply of fresh provisions during the time the *Investigator* lay north of Banks' Land. As many as 112 were killed, and nearly 8,000 pounds of fresh meat secured. Smaller game fell beneath the rifle in greater abundance. The skin of the reindeer is nearly as valuable as its carcase, for "when dressed with the hair on it, it is so impervious to the cold, that if clothed in a suit of this material, and wrapped in a mantle of the same, a person may bivouac all night in the snow with safety, during the intensity of an Arctic winter." Much of the warmth is owing to the great density which the fur assumes on the approach of winter. During that season the colour of the animal is a brownish white, during summer a whitish brown. When animals were killed by any of the ship's men, the head and heart were assigned as a perquisite to the lucky sportsman, while the main carcase was appropriated to the messes at large. Some of the deer weighed 250 pounds, giving meat, clear of fat and bone, 164 pounds. The flesh was delicious, especially in autumn, before the hardships of the winter made the animals lean—far surpassing, it is said, the venison of this country, tender, juicy, light, easy of digestion, and covered

with a good coating of fat. The chase of the deer is difficult, for the animal is shy, and the temperature of the air trying. All the hunters were more or less disfigured with frost-bites on their faces, and frequently when they wished to fire on the animals, almost within reach, their fingers were too powerless to pull the trigger; quite as often, when they had fired, they were too benumbed to reload.

But there were other hunters bent on sport besides the English bipeds of the expedition—namely, the wolves. The boatswain started one day, to fetch home on a sledge a deer he had killed the day before. On reaching the spot, in a deep ravine, he found only its remains, which a pack of five wolves were then ravenously devouring. Determining to recover at least a portion of his sporting rights, he boldly advanced. He first endeavoured to frighten them by hallooing at the top of his voice—a boatswain's voice, be it understood, by no means of the "sucking dove" order—when three of the gluttons acknowledged the prohibition, and withdrawing a few yards, sat down, leaving two still at their occupation. The biped now seized one leg of the deer, while one of the quadrupeds dragged at the other, his companions sitting snarling spectators of what was going on. With his musket firmly grasped in one hand, and brandishing the long bone in the other, the gallant boatswain kept bawling, with his stentorian lungs, with the double object of keeping off his foes, and of attracting assistance; at every opportunity he snicked off warily portions of the remaining meat, at the same time presenting a bold front to the enemy, which growled its defiance and discontent at the operation. It ended in the stout mariner securing fourteen pounds of the flesh, a small guerdon for so great a risk: but under the circumstances a welcome addition to the ship's mess. The wolves will bring down a deer themselves. Their mode of operation is this:—They separate a beast from the herd, and then the hungry troop gather in upon him in a circle, and at last, as if by preconcerted signal, all rush in together, bring him down by main force to the ground, and dispatch and eat him *toute suite*. The musk ox is more difficult to shoot than the reindeer, and is of rare occurrence in those latitudes. His thick coat and hard skull will almost turn a ball. An adventure with these brutes was not without peril, nor without glory and profit to the hero, as it proved in the result. The sergeant of marines left the ship at noon, one day, and some hours later, when returning, he observed two musk oxen lying down, one of them asleep. He was able to advance within one hundred and twenty yards, when he fired, and wounded the larger; both had at this time got on their legs. On the receipt of the first wound, which did not appear to affect him in the least, the animal approached, with a most ferocious aspect, till within about forty yards, when he stood as if making up his mind for a charge; his assailant again fired, and again wounded him, but he still remained in the same attitude. The other ox had by this time approached more closely, and with the view of securing both, the

a junction eastward with the other expeditions that had reached the Arctic circle by Baffin's Bay and Lancaster Sound, hoping to hear tidings of Franklin and his party, should that ill-fated sailor have succeeded in driving his ship through the ice south and west of Cape Walker.

On the look-out for Franklin's missing party, the ships of this expedition seized every opportunity of intercourse with the Esquimaux, when casual parties of that singularly dirty and disagreeable people fell in the way. The expectations of the party often shaped the inferences they drew from matters of observation or suspicion amongst the natives. For instance, if a person fairer than another appears among them on shore, the person who examines the group with a telescope from the deck pronounces him a European. Anything in the shape of a mound is directly supposed to be a foreigner's grave, and any signal post, of which there are many, the erection of the lost men. These fancies shaped the vision, and deluded the hope of the crew on more than one occasion; but it is now certain, from all that has transpired within the last two years with the *Fox*, that the Franklin expedition, neither by sea nor land, ever reached this region at all, and can only be tracked in longitudes further east.

The Esquimaux encountered by the successive voyagers to the Arctic regions, were marked by the usual characteristics of that unattractive race of men. They chewed the cud and divided the hoof, yet were they indubitably classifiable with unclean animals. That "cleanliness is next to godliness" was a wise saw which had never reached so high a latitude as theirs. They suffered as a nation from a uniform complaint—hydrophobia. They had no faith in the water-cure. Anabaptism could never succeed among them. *Death before immersion* would have been their cry of despair. Their unsavoury savour was that of a midden in midsummer—to rub noses with them was perpetual assafoetida. All the comparisons where-with you would compare them were, in Mrs. Malaprop's phrase, literally "odorous." Had we been there we should have preferred them anywhere except between the wind and our nobility. The offence of their nastiness was rank—it smelled to heaven! Human pachyderms, their skin was crass with dirt; to make them extemporaneous birds they needed only feathers, for they were tarred already with grime. They were the poetry of filthiness and foetor—the *ne plus ultra* of human disregard of the decencies. Only hyperborean noses and nerves could bear a daily association with a people of such a high celestial flavour as this; for ordinary mortals this ammonian relish were over high

"For human nature's daily food."

Mr. McDougall, in his extremely interesting and business-like journal, declares that they "outvied all he had previously seen in want of cleanliness, and were, without exception, the most

disgustingly filthy race of human beings it has been my lot to encounter. The men might possibly at some remote period have indulged in a wash, but it is my firm conviction that the boys, apparently ten or twelve years old, had never undergone anything in the form of an ablutionary process. It is, however, almost impossible to convey an idea of the personal appearance of these degraded creatures who, though to us objects of commiseration, were by no means of that opinion themselves. On the contrary, they, with a most amusing serio-comic expression of countenance, imitated our gestures and words; and whenever success attended their endeavours, the performer was rewarded by the boisterous laughter of those around, which, in their excess of mirth, brought tears into their eyes." "The appearance of the interior of the tents was quite in keeping with their persons. The skins strewn around were anything but inviting, and although not very fastidious, it would take a considerable time to reconcile one to the thoughts of seeking repose amongst so much filth. Strewn around on the outside of the tents were bones of birds and seals, besides a quantity of putrid seal flesh and intestines, sending forth an offensive smell. We, of course, considered this to be the refuse on which probably the dogs were fed, but were soon enlightened by seeing one of the ancient ladies take a portion of the entrails, and swallow a quantity of it as Italians do macaroni. Being, however, a few yards in length, she was unable to swallow the whole, and therefore contented herself with a foot or two, which was severed with a knife. This feat completed our disgust." As well it might, Esquimaux macaroni is a somewhat rich idea, but unsavoury withal.

And yet these children of the North thrive on the garbage of their food, and the rudeness of their habits, and seemed in most cases active, strong, and healthy, save for an affection of the eyes, which was common. The women are more interesting than the men, smaller in stature, lively and cheerful. Their infants are carried on their back, hidden from view under their hooded jumper. When baby is released from its confinement, the mother unties the string round her waist, by which it is supported, and clutching the little tipped dexterously by the leg, she brings it out of its dungeon, as naked as it was born. M'Clintock records such an occurrence:—"Whilst intent upon my bargaining for silver spoons and forks belonging to Franklin's expedition, at the rate of a few needles or a knife for each relic, one pertinacious old dame, after having obtained all she was likely to get from me—for herself, pulled out her infant by the arm, and quietly held the poor little creature (for it was perfectly naked) before me in the breeze, the temperature at the time being 60 deg. below freezing point! Petersen informed me that she was begging for a needle for her child."—p. 235.

If designed to stay in that exposed position for any time, she clothes it in a little sealskin jacket like her own. The teeth of the women are white as ivory, and are constantly displayed in vociferous laughter; their feet and hands are beautifully formed, and small.

They tattoo their under lip to the chin in vertical and diverging lines. The fetish, or amulet, which the Esquimaux carry with them in hunting and fishing excursions, is usually a piece of ivory, about four inches long, carved with the figure of a bird or other animal on it. The family boat of the natives is called a baidar, and is paddled by women, but they have also oomiaks and kayaks. The baidar, like the others, is formed of skins of seals, stripped of the hair, and stretched over a frame-work of wood or whalebone. These contain many persons. The oomiak is the woman's boat distinctively, the kayak the canoe of a single Esquimaux. It is sixteen or seventeen feet long, extremely buoyant, propelled by a single paddle, and weighs about forty-five pounds, so that it can be carried on the shoulders with ease. It is capacious enough to contain all the implements of war and of the chase, as well as a sufficient supply of food. An Esquimaux, with his kayak adequately furnished, is as well provided for as a snail in its shell. The baidars are twenty-four feet long, by four broad, with seats across like our boats. The women propel them with great dexterity through the water. The nets they employ in fishing are made very ingeniously out of the ham-string tendons of reindeer, in lengths of about thirteen inches, and are knotted neatly by the hand. Most of the American Esquimaux trade either directly or indirectly in furs with the Hudson's Bay Company. For the skin of the silver fox, a singularly rare and beautiful fur, they obtain about half-a-crown's worth of goods; while a good specimen of that fur is worth fifty guineas in the European market. Some one must realise a large profit—a portentous *quid* for a very insignificant *quo*, on such a transaction.

Their only weapon for the chase is the bow, which they use with unerring aim. They capture the whale with harpoons, which they launch with the utmost dexterity. The harpoons have a piece of inflated skin, or bladder, attached to the upper part by a tendinous cord, or a walrus hide thong; and when thrown the barbed portion becomes detached from the shaft when it hits its object, the skin still adhering to it. In this way a whale is pursued by the men in kayaks, and receives such a number of wounds in succession as it comes to the surface, and becomes so worried and exhausted from loss of blood that escape is very rare. The spear heads are mostly made of bone, but also of flint, and sometimes of iron. One tribe met near Wollaston Land had all their implements of copper, and were in possession of abundant pure copper ore. Knives, arrows, needles, and other cutting and piercing instruments were all formed of this metal in the most ingenious and perfect manner by the simple process of hammering, without recourse to the use of fire. Skins were also prepared by them with the greatest ingenuity. The Esquimaux are probably of Mongolian race, and are met with in the extreme north-eastern limit of Asia, in the Alentian Islands, along the entire coast of America, and as far eastward as Greenland; to the south, as far as Hudson's Bay; and to the north, wherever the Arctic regions have been explored. They consider themselves quite

superior to the Kabloonas, or white men. They are generally well proportioned, but their size is under the average height, only five feet four inches, though some among them creep up to a taller stature. They possess keen small black eyes, the external commissure somewhat drooped. There is generally an absence of beard or whiskers, but in the seniors there is a more generous growth. The cavity of the mouth, often practically tested by the hugest gobbits of blubber, is prodigious. They seem to recognise the existence of a Supreme Being, but otherwise have no religion. Polygamy exists among them, whenever the husband chooses to afford the expensive luxury of a second wife. As a race, they steal and lie without shame or compunction, yet are true to each other, affectionate to their children, courageous and active, and extremely industrious in providing food against winter. In patience and endurance of cold and hunger, in ingenuity of construction and device with the coarsest implements, in perseverance and tenacity in the chase by sea and by land, in short in all the virtues of uncivilized man, they will bear comparison with any other race upon the face of the globe. It is a grievous pity and a mortal wrong to these poor waifs and outlying borderers of humanity, that more is not done, and persistently and systematically done, for their elevation and evangelization. That portion of the race of which we now speak, occupying the north-western shores of America, seems to have been entirely unreached by missionary effort hitherto.

By the 6th of September, after one month's sailing along the coast, the crew of the *Investigator* were off the small islands near Cape Parry, thus far they were on known ground. They now steered northward and eastward, and next morning discovered high land, but with the pack of ice resting on its western shore. This determined Captain McClure on adopting a course northward along its eastern side, which appeared comparatively clear. The headland they called Nelson's Head, and the land itself Baring Island. Making sail to the eastward, land was soon perceived in that direction, also Prince Albert's Land in lat. 72 deg. 1 min. north, and long. 119 deg. 25 min. west, leading to the inevitable conclusion that they were now in a channel between two islands, which, if unobstructed, would open into Barrow's Strait, and thus solve the problem over which science had been scratching its pate and nibbling its finger nails so long. In fact, seventy miles alone separated them at this point from Barrow's Strait, but a large portion of the intervening water was covered by dense ice, the accumulation of centuries. The drift bore them occasionally back from even this position; but hoping that another summer would furnish greater advantages for Arctic research the Captain determined to hazard the chance of wintering in the pack to returning disappointed of his quest. Travelling parties sent north along the line of navigation, proved that this channel communicated with the sea opposite Captain Parry's Melville Island, and thus settled for ever the long-agitated question of a north-west passage. As soon as this point was definitively ascertained, it was

recorded in the following modest terms in the ship's log of the *Investigator*:—

"October 31st, 1850. The Captain returned at 8.30 a.m.; and at 11.30 a.m., the remainder of the party, having upon the 26th instant, ascertained that the waters we are now in communicate with those of Barrow's Strait, the north-eastern limit being in lat. 73 deg. 31 min. N.; long. 114 deg. 39 min. W., thus establishing the existence of a north-west passage between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans."

And there they stayed till July 17th next year, before they could obtain their release from the chains of their icy environment, but with that day began their course southward, and round the western or seaward side of Baring Island, or Banks' Land, which, for undisguised horror, risk, and invincible daring is almost without parallel in the annals of naval enterprise. Succeeding in that course, the ship was forced into Barrow's Strait at its western entrance, coasted the shore till it reached a bay, called appropriately the Bay of Mercy, and was there frozen in in lat. 74 deg., long. 118 deg. on the 24th September, 1851. There the good ship probably still lies, and may lie for ever, its position being land-locked except to the north, having been abandoned finally in the early summer of 1853, after two winters spent there on the rescue of the crew by a party from her Majesty's ship *Resolute*, commanded by Captain Kellett. No men ever earned renown by more strenuous perseverance in the face of difficulties than the crew of the *Investigator*. No one ever solved a problem of the actual tidal communication between the two great oceans before Captain McClure, and it seems an ungenerous course which is pursued by many since the return of the *Fox*, to insinuate that Sir John Franklin had made a prior discovery of the passage. We do not disparage the merits of that fine old sailor, because indulgence is due to the dead, where indulgence is demanded by the infirmities or failures of those who cannot speak for themselves; but without the slightest ground for believing that Franklin needs indulgence, we must allege that his case is not proven by his advocates. It may be that his vessels were last seen in a channel which, if pursued, might land one westward beyond the mouth of the Copper-mine River; but if so, he was only there in obedience to his instructions. Again, that such communication by water does exist in that region is a point only surmised, not determined, even yet. And last and saddest of all, whatever may be the fate of his drifting ships, if they should ever find their way into the open sea west of Baring Island, the fact of a passage may be demonstrated by sheer force of nature and flow of currents, but not by Franklin. It is absurd to say of a man who was dead in June, 1847, that he had ascertained a point to which, in the only existing record of his voyage in the north, no allusion is made; and it is ungenerous to the living, whose experiment is demonstrative, to endeavour to tear the laurel from their brow. The President of the Geographical Society and the colleagues of Sir Robert McClure in northern adventure, ought

to be above this unworthy attempt to tarnish the brightness and success of his achievement. Others thought the passage possible, attempted it, were on the way to it, and within an ace of it—but M'Clure made it. Sundry endeavours were prosecuted by undoubtedly able and ingenious men to set this egg upon its end, but M'Clure has done it at once, and for ever. We heartily endorse the language of Brown in his History of the North-west passage:—"That enterprising commander settled the question, that truly British question, of a north-west passage; and we feel it cannot be too often printed, or too widely known, that it was done by Britain. Alas! that Franklin and his gallant associates were not restored to join in the exultation, that another wreath had been added to their country's fame."

There are two circumstances of the utmost interest which we are bound to notice in connection with this voyage, the one geological, and the other economical, bearing as they do, the former upon the history of our globe, and the latter upon the means of supporting life in the Arctic regions. The tropic dream of our early navigators would have been a matter-of-fact reality at some unknown period of the earth's annals in those realms where now the Ice-king holds undisputed sway, for indestructible evidence exists that there palm-groves once waved their fan-like branches, there the elephant and rhinoceros crushed their way amid opposing trunks, and there the eastern pigeon cooed its song of love. The trees that once clothed those naked heights have sent their fossil *débris* to attest their early existence home to England; and visitors of our museums may themselves see and handle the arborage that shaded panting beasts and birds from a sun no less fierce than that which now with its furnace-heat scorches the prowling lion of Africa, or the tiger of Bengal.

The greater part of the coast of America facing the Arctic Sea, along which, close inland, the *Investigator* passed, say from 155 to 125 deg. of longitude, is low and flat—in this presenting a marked difference to the coast of Greenland, which is faced with lofty and sometimes inaccessible cliffs and promontories. In the interior it is true, and at a distance, spots of greater elevation were found; but the general characteristic of the lands bordering the sea was a very gradual and slow ascent. All the evidence goes to indicate an emergence from the sea at no very remote period; and, singular to say, the coast presents tokens, at the same time of having been dry and forest-land of considerable elevation before it sank into the sea, previous to its present restoration to the world. In more than one place, but in one notably, on Banks' Land, petrified trees were found in great abundance where now no trees will grow. About three hundred feet from the sea-level, and a quarter of a mile from the beach in the last-named locality, lat. 74 deg., numerous ends of trunks and branches of trees were seen protruding through the rich loamy soil in which they were embedded. On excavating to some extent, the entire hill was found to be a ligneous formation, being composed of trees, some of

them dark and softened, in a state of semi-carbonization, others fresh, the woody structure perfect, but hard and dense. In a few situations the wood, from its flatness and the pressure to which it had been exposed, presented a laminated structure, with the traces of coal. The trunk of one tree, the end of which protruded, was twenty-six inches in diameter by sixteen inches; that of another, a portion of which was taken on board, was seven feet in length and three feet in circumference. These have been pronounced to be pine; but there must have been oak trees also, for acorns were found, as well as pine-cones, in process of silicification. Distinct stratifications of wood were also observed cropping out on the bare sides of the hills in horizontal lines formed by the protrusion of the ends of trees, to some of which the bark still adhered. The discovery of wood in a recent and petrified state in regions whose blighting climate is opposed to the nurture of vegetable life, as evidenced in its scanty flora, partial verdure, and creeping dwarf-willow, its only arborescent production, is a subject for geological research no less interesting than strange. The same feature has been discovered in New Siberia in the same latitude, and in Melville Island, two degrees further north, nor less in the Antarctic circle, thus establishing the fact that throughout the wide extent of the Polar seas, as far as observation has enabled us to determine, there existed at one period various and luxuriant forms of arborescent growth in regions where nothing now is to be seen but desolate lands and trackless icy wastes. The abundance of coal in all the regions traversed by M'Clintock leads to the same conclusion, heat being one of the elements necessary to its formation, the presence, moreover, of ammonite and trilobite fossils, of the former of which Professor Haughton expressly says, "It appears to me difficult to imagine the possibility of such a fossil living in a frozen or even a temperate sea" (p. 393). Undoubted remains of huge saurians have also been lighted upon in these regions, together with the mammoth and the elephant—the whole evidence of facts gathered from a wide hyperborean surface conducing to M'Clintock's hesitant hypothesis based upon recent and superficial data.—"Many centuries ago a milder climate *may*, and probably *did*, exist, and a corresponding modification of glacier, and a sea less ice-encumbered" (p. 220). The facts thus rendered incontrovertible lead us to but one conclusion, that lands, probably of much greater extent, different in physical character, covered with forests, and with a climate more elevated in temperature, preceded the upheaval from the bed of the ocean of those now in existence. Hence the great accumulation of wood and coal beneath the surface, in various stages of organic change—metallized, carbonized, and silicified, resulting from one of those remote and inscrutable terrestrial convulsions associated with the great secondary era of geological formation in the creation of the world. The former lands having been for ages submerged, were upheaved above the surface by some powerful submarine volcanic action, and enveloped in the shingly bed of the sea; they

were again thrown upward as now, and from the chemical and igneous products of these combined operations the present appearances result. The history of this still unwritten page of the earth's annals, what pre-Adamite Herodotus shall show?—the book, who shall open?—the seal, who break?—the hieroglyph, who reveal? Did living man then tread the earth along with the mammals that roamed these hyperborean forests? Did they marry and give in marriage, laugh, weep, work, die, like the races now existing, or were these regions only the haunt of the quadruped, the reindeer, and bear, as well as of the mammoth and elephant? None may tell, and few even plausibly conjecture. The silence that pervades these present solitudes rules the past—we gaze upon a tomb, not a revelation—we question the oracle, but its response is the echo that mocks our request. Active volcanic agencies are still in operation in those regions; for the fires and smoke seen from shipboard, which were supposed to proceed from Esquimaux encampments, were more than once found on landing to proceed from natural mounds, hollow at the top, into which, when excavation was made, large masses of lime, sulphur, alum, and silenite were dug out in a burning state. Several small rills of water impregnated with the same substances, of an elevated temperature, flowed in the neighbourhood of these stratified mounds.

Of the superabundance of animal life in the regions adjacent to the North Pole, as high at least as lat. 77 deg., the evidence is satisfactory. Granite and other rocks, where absolutely bare of vegetation, are of course bare of sustenance for organic life; but wheresoever there is any depth of surface-soil and any coating of moss, where, moreover, there are accessible seas and ordinary skill in fishing and harpooning, both flesh and fish in satisfying quantities may be found. Captain Collinson, for instance, obtained in the pools in Wollaston Land, a fine supply of fish of which he could afford to salt a thousand salmon for use at sea, while other game rewarded expertness at the rifle with no bad substitute for beef, in the ribs of musk oxen and the haunches of Arctic venison. These larger game of the quadruped kind would not be in the high condition of a stalled ox, or the wearer of a medal at the Baker-street Cattle-show—especially at the fag-end of an unusually severe winter season—and yet might stew down into nutritive hashes and broths, to diversify the loathsome iteration of preserved meats, which no appetite can long relish. These fresh meats are further very wholesome, even when lean; while the chase and capture supply a most healthful stimulus to men who would otherwise pine and fret themselves ill under the darkness, dulness, and freezing chill of their untoward position.

Foxes were frequently caught in very inartificial traps, laid even on deck, to which the little Reynards would hie in quest of food. In mid-winter these miserable starvelings, when dissected, would commonly be found with their stomachs empty, or only small pieces of dwarf-willow, half masticated, therein. Hares were occa-

sionally shot, which were as slenderly fed as the foxes. Ptarmigan were seen at distant intervals, and commonly a single bird alone. The spring brought with it the snow bunting. Reindeer and musk oxen were not wanting, although shy and difficult to kill; the valleys and ravines intersecting Banks' Land, like the still deeper valleys and more abrupt escarpments of Melville Island, supplying them with an unusual degree of shelter and mossy diet. Bears were common, but not so common their capture, as they are by no means an easy animal to kill, their sharp swinging trot easily distancing those in pursuit, who are cumbered with their heavy Arctic clothing. The seal is the favourite food of the bear, but Bruin is not particular as to diet; anything he can swallow goes down—a jar of raisins, rolls of court plaister, tobacco leaf, shag, twist, or grass-cut, as readily as raw flesh, and he suffers from his voracity. One mode of taking bears by the Esquimaux is ingenious. A thick and strong piece of whalebone, about four inches broad and two feet long, is rolled up into a small compass, and carefully enveloped in blubber, forming a round ball. This is dropped in Bruin's way, who deeming it a luscious morsel, swallows it, to his great detriment; for no sooner does the blubber melt within, than the whalebone being freed, springs back, distends the stomach, and causes the death of the wretched monster in the greatest agony ere long. The snow owl visited the haunts of the wintering crew; gulls made their appearance everywhere in the vicinity of open water, being of the three kinds—*Glaucus*, *Argentatus*, and *Tridactylus*. Pin-tailed ducks and snow geese followed the summer in the higher regions, avoiding the sun. Golden plover and sanderlings appeared in the warm weather. Moose-deer were doubtfully reported as being on Banks' Land. The jer-falcon sometimes rewarded the labours of the naturalist.

The reindeer proved invaluable as a source of supply of fresh provisions during the time the *Investigator* lay north of Banks' Land. As many as 112 were killed, and nearly 8,000 pounds of fresh meat secured. Smaller game fell beneath the rifle in greater abundance. The skin of the reindeer is nearly as valuable as its carcase, for "when dressed with the hair on it, it is so impervious to the cold, that if clothed in a suit of this material, and wrapped in a mantle of the same, a person may bivouac all night in the snow with safety during the intensity of an Arctic winter." Much of the warmth is owing to the great density which the fur assumes on the approach of winter. During that season the colour of the animal is a brownish white, during summer a whitish brown. When animals were killed by any of the ship's men, the head and heart were assigned as a perquisite to the lucky sportsman, while the main carcase was appropriated to the messes at large. Some of the deer weighed 250 pounds, giving meat, clear of fat and bone, 164 pounds. The flesh was delicious, especially in autumn, before the hardships of the winter made the animals lean—far surpassing, it is said, the venison of this country, tender, juicy, light, easy of digestion, and covered

with a good coating of fat. The chase of the deer is difficult, for the animal is shy, and the temperature of the air trying. All the hunters were more or less disfigured with frost-bites on their faces, and frequently when they wished to fire on the animals, almost within reach, their fingers were too powerless to pull the trigger; quite as often, when they had fired, they were too benumbed to reload.

But there were other hunters bent on sport besides the English bipeds of the expedition—namely, the wolves. The boatswain started one day, to fetch home on a sledge a deer he had killed the day before. On reaching the spot, in a deep ravine, he found only its remains, which a pack of five wolves were then ravenously devouring. Determining to recover at least a portion of his sporting rights, he boldly advanced. He first endeavoured to frighten them by hallooing at the top of his voice—a boatswain's voice, be it understood, by no means of the “sucking dove” order—when three of the gluttons acknowledged the prohibition, and withdrawing a few yards, sat down, leaving two still at their occupation. The biped now seized one leg of the deer, while one of the quadrupeds dragged at the other, his companions sitting snarling spectators of what was going on. With his musket firmly grasped in one hand, and brandishing the long bone in the other, the gallant boatswain kept bawling, with his stentorian lungs, with the double object of keeping off his foes, and of attracting assistance; at every opportunity he snicked off warily portions of the remaining meat, at the same time presenting a bold front to the enemy, which growled its defiance and discontent at the operation. It ended in the stout mariner securing fourteen pounds of the flesh, a small guerdon for so great a risk: but under the circumstances a welcome addition to the ship's mess. The wolves will bring down a deer themselves. Their mode of operation is this:—They separate a beast from the herd, and then the hungry troop gather in upon him in a circle, and at last, as if by preconcerted signal, all rush in together, bring him down by main force to the ground, and dispatch and eat him *toute suite*. The musk ox is more difficult to shoot than the reindeer, and is of rare occurrence in those latitudes. His thick coat and hard skull will almost turn a ball. An adventure with these brutes was not without peril, nor without glory and profit to the hero, as it proved in the result. The sergeant of marines left the ship at noon, one day, and some hours later, when returning, he observed two musk oxen lying down, one of them asleep. He was able to advance within one hundred and twenty yards, when he fired, and wounded the larger; both had at this time got on their legs. On the receipt of the first wound, which did not appear to affect him in the least, the animal approached, with a most ferocious aspect, till within about forty yards, when he stood as if making up his mind for a charge; his assailant again fired, and again wounded him, but he still remained in the same attitude. The other ox had by this time approached more closely, and with the view of securing both, the

sergeant fired, and wounded him also. The animal, on being struck, became enraged, and advanced courageously. In the meantime the stout marine reloaded, and fired his fifth and last ball at his first antagonist, who still remained in the same position; the missile struck him in the centre of the forehead, passed through his brain, and he fell to the ground. His ball-cartridge having been then expended, the assailant quickly reloaded, and fired the screw of his ramrod at the second animal, which had approached more closely; this wounded the brute in the neck, who then fiercely advanced to a distance of only a few feet. Thinking the ox was about to make a final rush, as a last resource the ramrod was fired at him, which entered at the left fore-shoulder, passed diagonally through his body, and out at his right flank, inflicting a fatal raking wound, and he fell lifeless at the victor's feet. Both beasts were in excellent condition, and weighed in the gross 1,332 pounds. The gallant huntsman who achieved this feat of desperate valour evidently belonged to the real marines, and not to the fabled horse ditto, of questionable existence, although of wide-spread renown.

The lemmings, which are very "small deer" indeed, were in certain localities so abundant as to be innumerable. They have been observed from the deck, sometimes plunging into the open water from the edge of the ice for a bath, and going through this operation repeatedly in great glee, as if enjoying it. Their burrows under ground are excavated in corridors and convolutions far and wide. They are subterranean cities—catacombs for the living, not the dead. Their sleeping quarters therein are comfortably lined with feathers, moss, fur, and hair. If the tent were pitched inadvertently over the mouth of their labyrinth, instead of fretting themselves at the intrusion on their domains, the little cosmopolitans would adapt themselves to circumstances; and our sailors on waking would find the furry gentlemen snugly ensconced within the folds of their blanket-bags, rolled up in the ball-like form they assume in repose. The dogs, too, when fast asleep, would be honoured with their company, for the lemmings would dispose themselves for a nap about their bellies and legs, like so many puppies "to the manner born." They are amusing and harmless quadrupeds, and not to be despised in the shape of food.

Notwithstanding all that may be surmised or urged against our conclusion, we conceive that additional ample evidence is furnished in McClintock's narrative of the abounding of animal life, even in his high latitude, amid the stormy region in which he had wintered. In a year and a half his ship's company, which was far too few and too unskilful to furnish either numerous or competent sportsmen, managed to obtain ninety-one seals, each of which supplied two full days' fresh meat for all the crew, or 182 days' fresh provisions for a matter of some eighty weeks—more than two days a week. This is only one item. Next we have eight deer, but dozens of others were sighted and allowed to escape. These eight deer, at an average of 150lb. each, supplied 1,200lb. of fresh meat,

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or another day of fresh meat in the week, making three out of seven. Then follow, of birds, ptarmigan, dovekies, and wild fowl, 218—furnishing perhaps 436 meals to twenty-five men, or fresh meat for another day in seventeen weeks. To this we have to add bears 4, hares 9, and foxes 20, supplying probably one day for the remaining weeks, or not less than four days of fresh meat out of the seven; and that in a most unfriendly region, and with few beyond Petersen, the interpreter, really fit to bring down game, either volatile or quadruped. The fact noted by McClintock casually on page 279 of his Narrative is of painful interest, relating, as it does, to the track pursued by the Crozier and Fitzjames party in their retreat to the Fish River. At Cape Herschel, he says, "there were many old caches and low stone walls, such as natives would use to look behind for the purpose of shooting reindeer; and we noticed *some recent tracks of those animals which had crossed direct hither from the main-land*" (p. 279). The italics are ours. This was not more than half-a-dozen days' journey from the forsaken vessels *Erebus* and *Terror*.

Only in the year 1850, after expedition on expedition had been sent northward, did any ship reach those obvious quarters, Point Riley and Beechey Island, and discover proof of the Franklin party having been there, in the graves of three sailors buried upon the beach. These had died during the winter of 1845-6, the first winter of Franklin in those regions—the only winter spent in that locality. But no indication was found there of the fortunes of the expedition up to the date of its departure from that quarter—no cache, with its well-preserved deposits of meat or manuscript—no tin case or glass bottle, with its record of the past or resolve for the future—no Franklin's Commentaries on civil or Gallic wars with insubordinate crews or angry elements. Not the least mysterious of the incidents connected with this hapless expedition is the absence of autograph memorials of the points of access and departure during the only three years of which we possess authentic records. The only two which have been disinterred from their graves of snow and ice are singularly curt and unsatisfactory, and by no means fill up the vacuum of progress and adventure during the intervening period. Such meagreness of detail is so totally at variance with the practice of northern navigators—that we must have recourse to the solution, either that authentic vestiges of the course of this party yet remain undiscovered to reward our further search, or that the caches have been violated by parties of Esquimaux, and the papers found in them have been destroyed. Our personal conclusion, we must avow, is that much remains undiscovered, and that nearly the whole history of the Franklin expedition will have to be written when the missing papers turn up. These, we are persuaded, will be no laconic notices, briefed with a view to admission into the same sheet of French, Spanish, Dutch, Danish, and German copies—stenographic utterances of lat. and long., date and place—but sufficiently large

and long traces to be at once vouchers and exponents of their perilous pilgrimage. There is no reasonable doubt that when we have learned to follow the steps of the voyagers from spring 1846 to autumn 1847, at which date the ships were again beset for the ensuing winter, we shall alight upon the missing cryptographs, which shall yield up the secrets now hidden from view to the light of day and the recognition of the world.

Meanwhile, we have to proceed with our history of the actual discovery of Franklin relics and the *vestigia* of his course. With a most honourable philanthropy, and a rare discernment of the true method of search to be employed, Captain Charles Wilkes, of the United States Navy, presented a memorial to Congress, in which he urged land-travel as that likely to be most effectual. It is true he did not point out the exact region which experiment has proved the right one; but it is conclusive of his sagacity that we have derived all our results from land-travel at last. This well-known Antarctic navigator says, "Fatal errors have been made in attempting the search in vessels, it being quite evident to the simplest mind that if vessels can track Sir John, he certainly would be enabled to get out. The only and true course is a thorough exploration over the ice by means of sledges or boats, making the advance in all directions." A curious confirmation of this view was presented in the same year, when tidings reached the Admiralty (Ap. 3, 1852) of certain discoveries made by Dr. Rae, a land-traveller under the Hudson's Bay Company. This learned and enterprising gentleman, being at the head of a geographical expedition for the commercial body whom he served, reached as far north on Victoria Land as Pelly Point, so named by him, lat. $70^{\circ} 12' 36''$ N., and $101^{\circ} 24' 47''$ W., on the 13th of August, 1851. On their return, on the 21st, they picked up in Parker Bay the butt-end of a small flagstaff and a boat's mast, bearing the broad arrow of the Admiralty upon them—drift wood borne down from the north by the east side of Victoria Land. How came these there, and to whom could they belong, but to Franklin's hapless crew? It is a singular but melancholy fact that Dr. Rae at Pelly Point was only some fifty miles west of the place where Franklin's ships had been abandoned three years before; and that a couple of days' journey over the ice might have landed him in the deserted cabin, where that gallant commander had breathed his last. Such coincidences have happened in other instances of Arctic travel, from the want of concert and mutual intelligence between the exploring parties.

In the same region, in 1853, Captain Collinson, of the *Enterprise*, 70° N., 101° W., fell in with a companion-hatchway, or door-frame, supposed to have belonged to the missing vessels, and to have proceeded from "somewhere in the vicinity of the magnetic pole." This guess of the direction from whence it came was almost prophetic. Next year, October 22nd, 1854, very important intelligence was received at the Admiralty from Dr. Rae, containing the report of

another land journey, undertaken under the auspices of the Hon. Hudson's Bay Company. This gentleman had been sent to the north to complete the survey of the west coast of Boothia. When this gentleman reached Pelly Bay he encountered certain Esquimaux, who told him that a party of white men had perished towards the west, and near a river containing many falls and rapids. From this party abundant relics of the lost crews were purchased, bearing the names of Franklin, Crozier, Gore, &c. Here was the first certain and unquestionable evidence of the tragic termination of Sir John's expedition, but still unaccompanied by that documentary evidence which would explain the difficult and complete the defective in this melancholy history. King William's Land, Montreal Island, and the Great Fish River were thus clearly pointed out as the scene of the catastrophe that closes this great woe.

The report of Dr. Rae eventuated in the Hudson's Bay Company organising, at the suggestion of the British Government, the expedition of Messrs. Anderson and Steward down the Fish River, these gentlemen starting on June 22nd, 1855, from Fort Resolution, and sending home their first report under date of September 17th. Many further relics, including an ordinary letter-nip, were found in possession of Esquimaux parties; several Esquimaux caches, on Montreal Island also, were filled with other *reliquiæ* of an English ship's crew, but not a scrap of paper was met with, nor skeletons, nor remains of the crews themselves. This report arrived in England in the early part of 1856, and while it extinguished hope of the saving of the men, it did, by still more closely confirming previous discoveries, and narrowing the *locale* of the final disaster, stimulate curiosity to ascertain more fully the particulars of the event. There was much anxiety and excitement of the public mind connected with the subject, notwithstanding the stir and overwhelming interest of the Crimean war, and discussion was lively; but nothing was done during that year. Only in 1857 was that last expeditionary barque sent forth, which has given rise to this paper, and has filled all England with sorrow for her sacrificed victims—her unreturning dead.

So far back as the year 1854, nine years after the Franklin expedition started, the Government of England bade farewell to the hope of rescue, and removed the names of the leader and his followers from the Navy List. The Behring's Strait squadron, consisting of the *Rattlesnake* and *Plover*, were ordered home, and the *Resolute*, *Intrepid*, *Assistance*, and *Pioneer*, together with Sir Robert M'Clure's *Investigator*, were by the same instructions abandoned in the eastward Arctic seas. Henceforward reliance must be placed on private effort alone, stimulated by sympathy for the bereaved living—regret for the unrecovered dead. The American expedition under Kane produced nothing except evidence of chivalrous courage, great scientific qualification, and singular humanity on the part of the commander. Notwithstanding the eminent scientific and personal qualifications of Dr. Kane, we must always hold it a great mistake

to appoint a civilian to the command of an expedition like this. The Kennedy voyage was equally resultless. Her Majesty's ship *Phoenix*, Commander Inglefield, was no more successful, while her voyage has been rendered ever memorable by the loss of the adventurous young French sailor, Lieutenant Bellot. This brings us down to the year 1857, for during 1855 and 1856, although much was talked about, nothing was done, when at last, by the munificent devotion of Lady Franklin, and the help of enthusiastic friends, a vessel was procured, and the exploring expedition organised. The plan for this was laid before the Lords of the Admiralty, by Dr. M'Cormick, R.N., entitled, *Reasons for the Renewal of the Search for further traces of the Franklin Expedition, &c.*, and traces with singular sagacity the very route afterwards followed by Captain M'Clintock, which has been fruitful in such positive (we cannot call them satisfactory) results. On the 1st of July, 1857, Captain M'Clintock sailed from Aberdeen, in the small screw-steamer *Fox*, of 177 tons burden, well found in provisions and other gear, and with a ship's company of only twenty-three persons, of whom, however, he writes under date of August 6th, from the coast of Greenland :—" I am most fortunate in my officers and crew ; all deserve my praise alike." Frozen up in the ice, however, so early as a fortnight afterwards, the ship drifted south as far as $63\frac{1}{2}$ deg. down Davis Strait, and was only freed, after 242 days' durance, on the 25th of April, 1858. The release of a vessel under such circumstances is a far more critical operation than its freezing in, just as architects tell us they will build a tower as high as Babel without fear of accident, but they will not answer for taking down so much as a cottage chimney. Construction is easy, dissolution difficult without damage to materials or dissolver. Escaping this risk the stout little *Fox* steamed for Barrow's Strait and Beechey Island, which latter place it reached on the 11th of August, 1858. There Captain M'Clintock executed his painful commission of setting up a cenotaph to the memory of the missing expedition of the *Erebus* and *Terror*, entrusted to his care by Lady Franklin. Finding Peel Sound only accessible by ships for twenty-five miles down its course, he retraced his way to Prince Regent's Inlet, and thence crossed into what is now known as Franklin Channel, by the means of Bellot Strait. Eventually Captain M'Clintock was obliged to put back his vessel through the Strait, and prepare for wintering in Port Kennedy, Brentford Bay, east of that sea he was so anxious to explore. From the secure but exposed quarters here obtained, he made arrangements for those exploratory expeditions in the coming spring of 1859, which have yielded such information as has gone far to slake the thirst of anxious friends and an excited public.

On the 28th of February, 1859, when near Cape Victoria and Boothia Felix, Captain M'Clintock, in company with Captain Allen Young, a disinterested and generous volunteer, accompanied by only one seaman, on their exploratory march encountered a tribe of forty-five Esquimaux, in possession of many relics of

the lost crews. These Boothian natives were well supplied with wood and iron, once the property of white men. Their story was, that several years ago a ship was crushed by the ice, and sunk off the north-western shore of King William's Island, but that all her people landed safely, and went away to a great river, where they died. One part of this story is inconsistent with truth, for we have the record of Captains Crozier and Fitzjames, that the vessels were left in an uncrushed state by the crews, amounting to 105 persons, on the 25th of April, 1848, who intended to start next day for the Great Fish River. Amid the tangle which the story takes from the report of other Esquimaux nearer the Fish River, and the presumptive evidence we possess that one party at least of the crew perished on their way back to the ships, it is hard to say whether there may not be truth in the story of the Esquimaux after all; and that what they report of the destruction of the vessel amongst the ice may not have taken place during a second occupation of it by its baffled crew. Certainly the boat found with the remains of its two hapless tenants, slightly north of Cape Crozier, was on its return, and not on its outward course; whence we are left to conclude that, from intense cold, want of provisions, or the hostility of the natives, the expedition towards the Great Fish River had not succeeded in their object.

Twenty-five days of sharp marching, amid intensely severe weather, were consumed on this preliminary trip—the mercury being occasionally frozen for hours together. Meanwhile Lieutenant Hobson prosecuted the line of search laid out for him, by crossing the ice to Cape Felix, in King William's Land, and by following the trail of the expedition in that region, on which he almost instantaneously fell. At a short distance westward of the cape he alighted on a very large cairn, and close to it three small tents, with sundry other unimportant relics, but no record. Within a space of five miles two other cairns were found, but still without records, and almost denuded of relics likewise. On the 6th May, 1859, beside Point Victory, Lieutenant Hobson discovered a tin canister, containing the record which announced all that we know of the expedition's progress up to April 25th, 1848. The facts were few, and contain no explanatory matter with them; that after spending the first winter at Beechey Island, they were beset in the ice in September, 1846, in lat. 70 deg., long. 98 deg., and that Sir John Franklin had died in June, 1847. That the survivors, in 1848, to the number of 105, were to proceed on the day after date to the Great Fish River, under command of Captain Crozier; and there the record ceases, but there our interest does not end, for just at this point painful conjecture and melancholy romance began.

A cairn was found a few miles southward of a year older date, containing a paper signed by Lieutenant Gore and Mr. Des Vœux, mate, stating that they had left the ships on the 24th of May, 1847, in command of six men. This may have been one of the ordinary exploring expeditions sent out in all directions from expeditionary ships in favourable weather, or it may have been expressly designed

to pioneer the way for those that should follow in due time toward the river by which they meant to escape. The *débris* of the final expedition southward are sufficient to attest their reaching the river—but what became of them there, or afterwards, no voice has hitherto been heard to tell. To ascend that river, whose navigation was beset with rocks, and shoals, and rapids, was perhaps an impossible task to enfeebled and starving men with heavy boats and frequent portages. They may have been wrecked, drowned, famished, or murdered by the natives. It seems all but certain to us that some endeavoured to regain the forsaken vessels, if it were only to perish under the shelter of a roof and in freedom from the exhausting labours of their land journey—an endeavour which did not meet with success, for they failed by the way. When the disastrous condition of the successful M'Clure crew is borne in mind after three winters' incarceration in the ice, as exhibited in both Dr. Domville's and Lieut. Pim's reports, official and non-official, of their encounter with that crew—a condition which called tears from the eyes of the hardy seaman when he first witnessed it—we shall not wonder if the dissipated Franklin-men were wasted by scurvy and privation into an unfitness for enterprise, and inaptitude for endurance after a like lengthened imprisonment. Government provisions are rarely good, and yet Government pays the highest price for provisions, and these are the main reliance of the Arctic voyager. The infamy of dishonesty, perilling human life, rests upon many a soul engaged in mercantile transactions with the Government of England. It cannot be too loudly trumpeted, too redly blazoned, that not the red-tapists of routine, but the high-minded merchants of Great Britain are the defaulters in cases like the present, and have been too often detected in trafficking with remorseless greed in the bodies and souls of men. When Captain M'Clure found 500 pounds' weight of preserved meats in his tin canisters to be putrid, and obliged to be thrown overboard the first winter of his expedition, it was unfortunately only a sample of, and not an exception to, the experience of our gallant sailors and investigators. M'Clintock's steward perished with scurvy rather than eat the loathsome preserved meats that might have saved his life. Such incidents as these are a sore blot on our commercial integrity, and must be denounced in the interests of loyalty and patriotism, as well as of justice and humanity. But in any case, the ships of Sir John Franklin, the *Erebus* and *Terror*, were only provisioned for two years, with the understanding that with economy these stores could be eled out for three years, if necessity required so long a dependence upon this artificial provision.

If under favourable circumstances, as in Captain M'Clure's case, three years in the ice were productive of scurvy, weakness, and despondency, what may we not suppose was the result of hardships that issued in the death of nine officers and fifteen men in the case of the earlier enterprise? The desperate 105, who left the ships on the 26th of April, 1848, had no reasonable ground to expect "a happy

issue out of all their afflictions," and the *derelecta* detected in their track by the searches of the *Fox*, seem to speak of a fatal event boding only "lamentation, and mourning, and woe."

Mutilated spoils of various kinds obtained from wandering Esquimaux and their cairns, and initials full of significance to the eye of recognition, the heart of affection, tell but one tale, of which the dreary burden is "lost, lost, lost." Yet maps and journals alike proclaim of the region about Cape Herschel, that it is "a limestone tract abounding with reindeer and oxen."

On a review of Captain M'Clintock's narrative and other recent stories of Arctic adventure, our conclusions may be summed up thus:—

1. In the first place, they leave it well nigh past doubt that the party of Sir John Franklin have perished beyond the reach of recovery.

2. That if this fate has befallen them, it need not have been necessarily of starvation, for both in the brief summer and long winter of the Arctic circle there is more or less of animal life to be found in most regions, and in some quarters it abounds.

3. That much yet remains to be achieved in the exploration of all the space which is included within 65 and 125 deg. W. long., and 66 to 74 deg. N. lat., which has been most inadequately examined notwithstanding all that has been done.

4. That the use of dogs in the land and ice travelling has never been sufficiently tried hitherto in any of our expeditions, yet with their help Dr. Kane did wonders in his very short excursions from the ship; and without them, M'Clintock with his scanty crew could have accomplished next to nothing. The Esquimaux dogs are curious brutes, full of character, and worthy of study by an observant hand. M'Clintock's pack had two pounds each of seal given them every second day; the time consumed in devouring this frozen morsel was exactly forty-two seconds.—P. 48.

5. That single small vessels, and short select crews are better adapted for exploration than cumbrous ships and numerous crews, inasmuch as fresh provision is easily secured in adequate quantities for a small party, but a very limited supply, unless under unusually favourable auspices, for a large one.

6. That a stout built small screw-steamer, in consequence of the coasting nature of much of the sailing in those regions, in narrow lanes between the pack and the shore must be of special service, and that an expedition consisting solely of such a vessel, or vessels, is worthy of trial, at least once more in the neighbourhood of Victoria Strait, for the specific purpose of hunting up all that remains of Franklin's expedition, while we conceive it quite possible that such a vessel might accomplish the western passage, in Sir Robert M'Clure's track, in an open season.

7. That a trial of the passage round the north-west corner of Baring's Land a month earlier than Captain M'Clure tried it might issue in an entrance into Melville Sound by water. If, for instance,

Captain M'Clure, entering Behring's Straits, had traced his way round Behring's Land westward, in his first year in those seas, he might have attained (we do not say he would) a more satisfactory position by the middle of September than the Bay of Mercy, into which he was forced to drive his ship the year afterwards. It is possible that Captain M'Clintock's plan of entering into Franklin's Channel by Bellot Strait, and going "southward to the Great Fish River, passing east of King William's Island" (p. 316), may yet be attended with success. The scheme seems founded on fairly probable data.

8. We express our hope that the exploration of these lands and seas will not be given up, inasmuch as there is no finer school for seamanship nor field for heroic enterprise than those which they offer, while, with ordinary precaution, and the care a country will readily bestow on its men of success and research, there is nothing unfriendly to life in the extreme cold of the northern regions. That ever this route will be available for commerce, we do not for a moment apprehend; but we entertain at the same time no doubt that in a favourable year, with an early start, the transit may be effected from the eastern to the western sea, and the path indicated be not only seen but followed out.

That the claims of humanity and science combined demand a further investigation of the Arctic seas, so as to complete the geographical outline of the whole of Parry's Sound south, we conceive, will be conceded at once. From Cape Walker, westward, nothing has been done since Captain Ommaney and Lieutenant Osborn discovered and named Ommaney and Osborn Bays respectively, the furthest point reached being only to long. W. $103^{\circ} 25'$. Captain Allen Young, that most devoted of Arctic pedestrians, with considerable risk to health and life, has indeed overlapped Osborn's discoveries *from the south*, so as to complete the insular outline of Prince of Wales' Land, and fix its designation for ever as an island. We greatly desiderate in Captain M'Clintock's narrative the verbatim journal of both Young and Hobson, to the latter of whom by far the most important Franklin discoveries are owing, while the former had the hardest work for his pains with no satisfactory results. *We venture to call for these journals.* A further westward investigation may lead to important results bearing on the whole question of a north-western passage, and at least suggest a practicable channel, other than Peel's Inlet, by means of which the *Erebus* and *Terror* reached their lat. $78^{\circ} 5' N.$, and long. $98^{\circ} 23' W.$, where they were beset in Sept., 1846. The suggestion is, that there must be, somewhere west of Cape Walker, such a course; but this is at present doubtful, as, although Captain M'Clintock was barred out by the ice so far north as Bellot Strait, in lat. 72° , it is not impossible that in favourable seasons there may be a passage practicable down Peel's Sound as far as Point Victory, where the last known position of Franklin's ships has been ascertained to have been.

After all that has been ascertained and done in these hyperborean regions of the earth, much still remains to be both ascertained and done, no longer in a geographical but social emergency. What is to be done is a renewed exploration of the *embouchure* of Back's Fish River, for vestiges of those evanished heroes who could not more effectually have escaped detection hitherto had they been swallowed up in a chasm of earth, like Korah, Dathan, and Abiram. We must ascertain the history of the adventurers from the hour of their leaving their ship, April 26th, 1848, till the hour of their death or deliverance. We have no doubt that ample records might be found ready to be woven into an *Odyssey* of a polar Ulysses, an *Argonautica* of an Arctic Jason, or the *Luçjada* of some Icelandic Camöens. It is true that broken bottles and empty tin cases, in two or three instances of rifled receptacles on King William's Land, seem to tell of Esquimaux marauders making away with papers that would supply essential links in the narrative; but many other caches and cairns must have been raised on the journey of these hapless men through the wilderness—Ebenezers of thankfulness or stones of Bochim. Let these be found, and searched, and read.

Let the corpses and skeletons, moreover, be found of our yet undiscovered dead—England and humanity alike require it. Forty men together, tugging at one boat, are the highest numbers which the Esquimaux report as seen by them; but one hundred and five left the ships. Where are the other sixty and five? If they died, and some became the prey of Arctic foxes or grizzly bears, and some rotted in the summer thaw, this was probably not the fate of all; and, in any case, their bones survive. Where are these? The Esquimaux' report tells of regular burials, and hints at cannibal carousals of survivors, too horrible to believe; but, in any case, where is that formal burial-ground, where they laid their dead in frequent rows and considerable numbers, while there were many to bury and be buried? This, at least, has eluded search. Only three dead bodies have yet been met with, and those on King William's Land, not more than two or three days' journey from the ships, and these were waifs and strays, casual dead, that dropped as they went. Where is the full cemetery, the charnel-house, necropolis, in which both the ships' companies laid down their bones, and sleep—if sleep they do—in the slumber that knows no waking? No research has yet ascertained the resting-place of the multitude; and this, at least, demands thorough investigation and a decisive clearing up.

We rather wonder, too, we must confess, that M'Clintock did not insist on the guidance of the Esquimaux to that stranded ship of which they told him everywhere, which had been rifled by the men of their race, and which had proved, by its exhaustless stores of timber and iron, a gold-diggings to these wanderers of the frozen north. It could not have been far distant, on all the premises and ascertained data of the catastrophe; and its spoils met the captain on every hand, in the hut of every Esquimaux; and yet that shell of the forsaken ship was never hunted up. This we cannot but

think a great fault, demanding renewed search and reparation. The natives talked of the body of a large man being found on board, and many books. Who can tell what these might reveal, if carefully sought up? At least they would speak of Christian faith and hope in their selection, like those found in the boat: "Five or six small books were found, all of them scriptural or devotional works, except the *Vicar of Wakefield*" (p. 295). We except the exception, as we think Goldsmith's charming tale an edifying as well as interesting work of its class. But all the works of human genius pale their light before the full-orbed sun of inspiration. It is interesting to note how our English love and veneration for the Bible, which follow us everywhere, even to the regions of the reindeer and the whale, command the attention of foreigners. In the *Indépendance Belge*, a daily Belgian journal, an observant and candid writer (M. Lemoine) thus expresses himself on the subject:—

"Le sentiment intime de la Bible si commun aux Anglais, les suit partout; il les accompagne dans toutes les épreuves, les soutient dans tous les dangers. Quand le Calife Omar brûla la bibliothèque d'Alexandrie, il dit, 'si les livres ne contiennent que le Coran ils sont inutiles, s'ils contiennent autre chose, ils sont de trop sur la terre.' Ainsi, les Anglais, avec leur Bible, ce livre unique leur suffit; il contient tout. Et quand on les suit dans ces courses héroïques qu'ils font dans les régions inexplorées, on ne peut s'empêcher d'ouvrir avec eux le livre des livres. Ces intrepides pionniers, ces précurseurs de la civilisation qui ouvrent à l'humanité des nouvelles voies, nous apparaissent comme des Moïses qui vont à la conquête de la terre promise."

The whole course of Arctic research, with its melancholy close, is a fresh lesson read to us on the ever-pertinent text of *vanity and vexation of spirit*. The north-west passage is probably never open for navigation, save perhaps in an exceptional year, once in a decade, or once in a century; but even if open more frequently, the passage, at the best of times, is too precarious for the uses of commerce. In pursuing this phantom we have lost some of England's best and bravest, whose bones bleach in the wilderness, or garnish the sea-monster's cave. The stable course of Heaven is in strange contrast with the feeble achievements of man: "They shall perish, but Thou remainest." While frailty pens her *In memoriam* over her human dead, the inexorable chariot-wheels of the universe crash heedlessly along their way, and grind the opposer to powder. In those regions where feeble humanity melts into impalpable decay, God still builds up his palatial architecture of avalanching snow and piled iceberg—cathedral heights of grandeur—Milan miracles of more than marble whiteness; while shining prisms of crystal paint the surface to the shifting eye with the hues of the rainbow—with natural frescoes that surpass the pencillings of Giotto. There, too, the perpetual ordinance of the Aurora plays, though the gaze that might look upon it is sealed in darkness, spanning with its luminous arches the width of heaven, opening high portals of glory into better worlds,

and dancing in the fulness of its electric joy. The winds that sweep the northern wastes will still make them merry with their mournful music, whether there be an educated ear to mark their measures or no—and life, animal life, life in the waters and life on the shore, will still roll and range, quicken and thrive, in the very presence of man's mortality. All the phenomena and scenery of the Arctic regions are emphatic insignia of the Divine power, and of the quiet irresistible working of unchangeable laws, various in aspect, yet appointed by one hand and co-operating to one end,

“As in an organ, from one blast of wind
To many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes.”

II.

ANSCHAR, THE APOSTLE OF THE NORTH.

EXACTLY eight centuries have passed, according to the current computation, since the iron law of the first Emperor of Rome brought the Virgin Mother to Bethlehem, to give birth in a cattle-stall to her royal Son. Meanwhile, the Jewish peasant has made the proud pagan empire bow down to the tree of infamy to which it nailed Him, and because its homage was insincere, has dashed it in pieces like a potter's vessel. Still further to pour contempt upon the potsherds of the earth, a lamp of coarser clay is just being fashioned on the wheel of history, to carry the light to islands, shores, and continents yet unknown; and then so soon as it also shall have become too foully choked with soot and filthy lees for further honour, will be shattered in its turn. On the high festival of that lowly nativity a new Christian world is born. A second Augustus is kneeling before the symbol of weakness in the City of Strength. On his head is a diadem destined to be worn by himself and his successors for more than a thousand years; and the ornament which overtops all its glittering gold, and all its blazing gems is the cross. No augur of old Rome had divined her downfall by the hands of a crucified Jew, and the transfer of her purple to one of his barbarian worshippers; least of all that a Pontifex Maximus should solemnize the act. Yet here in the seat of the Cæsars, on the old Brumalia, now changed into the joyous commemoration of the *furcifer's* birth, the most sacred roof in the Eternal City, that dedicated not to the Capitoline Jove, but to the Galilean fisherman who has succeeded to the honours of the god, witnesses such a transfer. Karl*

* We adopt the German form of the name, in this and analogous cases, as a protest against the too common confusion of the Frankish history with the French.

the Great, the mightiest ruler whom mankind has seen for centuries, or will see for centuries to come, is being crowned by the most venerated of priests Emperor of the West, and devoutly pledges himself as such never to forget that he is the servant of the Nazarene.

We need not stop to point out how this consecration by Leo III., in old St. Peter's, of the great Frankish realm, stretching from the Ebro to the Elbe, and from the Baltic to the Appenines, was far from being an unmixed triumph for Christianity. Yet with every drawback—and they are many—it was surely a sublime moment in its victorious march towards the final consummation, although the outward pomp and splendour of the scene served but to bedim its real significance. Neither the pontiff with his *ampulla*, nor the Frank soldier on whose head, during a momentary pause in his Thirty Years' War against the pagan Saxons, the sacred oil is poured, is the most fitting exponent afforded by even that rude age of the holy Christmas mystery. A manifestation of the truth, that God hath chosen the weak things of this world to confound the things that are mighty, happened about the same time in a remote province of Karl's empire, which, if less conspicuous than that dazzling display before the high altar of the principal church in Christendom, was far truer to the original. For it was within this ecclesiastical year, and perhaps whilst the Roman deacon was reading in that imperial solemnity the Gospel for the Advent season, that a poor but pious Picard mother gave birth to the Apostle of the North. The great evangelist of Scandinavia, Anschar, was thus a native of the same district of France which, seven centuries afterwards, when the long and harsh apprenticeship of the Mediæval Church was just drawing to a close, produced a still greater man, the Romanic Reformer, Calvin. After crossing the Channel from Folkestone in one of the South Eastern Company's splendid steamers, you are in Picardy as soon as you land at Boulogne. Beneath the pavement of the new cathedral, lately opened there with so much pomp, is a very ancient crypt; and if, as is not unlikely, you have paced its solemn and sombre aisles, you may possibly have been treading in the very footsteps of Anschar. Two-thirds of the railway thence to Paris passes through Picardy, of which Amiens was formerly the capital.

Born thus beneath the sceptre of the first Frank Cæsar, Anschar belongs to that period of *renaissance* styled after its founder, the Karolingian age, when Europe once more began to settle down into something like order after the Northern deluge. In the history of the Church that age stands just midway between the time of Apostolic purity and the epoch when ecclesiastical corruption had attained such Titanic proportions that Reformation or death became inevitable. This is its chronological signature, and the more closely we study it, the more proofs shall we discover that its inward character corresponds to this intermediate position which it occupies on the chart of time. It is more than most, before or since, a yeasty age, teeming with fresh creative energies for good and also for evil. But the antagonist forces which are afterwards to come into glaring contrast

and open conflict with each other, as yet either repose peaceably side by side, or if they do occasionally fence, it seems but in sport, and with buttons on their foils. The popes are loyal subjects, and the emperors are bent on increasing the power of the priesthood and its chiefs as a moral and civilizing influence. There are as yet no Hildebrands on the one side, and no Henrys and Frederics on the other. In this age were forged the Decretals, that famous arsenal of the papacy. Yet though designed in the first instance to favour the metropolitans, rather than the See of Peter, it is one of these, the great Hincmar of Rheims, who explodes the fraud. On the other hand we find Hincmar denouncing as a heretic Gottschalk, the Predestinarian, the forerunner of Wycliffe and Calvin, who, strangely enough, is vindicated by the bishops of Rome. In the bosom of the same monastery of Corvey, a tranquil controversy breaks out between an unfledged Aquinas, Paschasius Radbert, the inventor of Transubstantiation, and brother Ratramnus, an undeveloped Zwingli, its opponent. It was in this convent, and under its abbot Paschasius, that Anschar was trained; yet it would not be safe to assume that the pupil agreed with his teacher on this question, since it seems pretty certain that the founder of the Tridentine theology was for a long time in the minority. Rome which had spurned the yoke of the Iconoclast Greek emperors, tamely submits to the prohibition of image worship throughout the Frank dominions; and the Karoline books, written by Karl the Great's own court divines against the abuse, acquire the force of law in St. Peter's itself. Spain, afterwards fertile in inquisitors and Jesuits, now produces a great Reformer, Claude, subsequently bishop of Turin, who dies in the communion of the Church, without having encountered any serious persecution. He, too, as well as Gottschalk, and other heralds of the dawn on the one hand, and Paschasius Radbert, Pope Nicholas I., and their coadjutors in the work of darkness on the other hand, was a contemporary of Anschar. We see that it is a time which bears two manner of peoples in its womb.

We observe the same startling dualism in the Christian missions of that age. In Karl the Great's Saxon wars, and in other too similar instances in which he and his immediate successors did not scruple to offer their foes the alternative of baptism or the sword, we see antedated all the following Cainish struggles for the armed propagation of the faith, which are the peculiar infamy of the Church that boasts of being the One Spouse of the Lamb. But there is also, happily, a brighter page. There is one of the Karolingian missions which admirably foreshadows the Protestant type of evangelization; and it is the more worthy of attention, because it is the only considerable exception which meets us in that age to the dreary uniformity of the rule of forcible conversion.

This honourable exception is Anschar's Scandinavian mission. The bleak and barren soil of those jagged Norse Peninsulas which he sowed with the seed of the Gospel, was not first watered with blood. Yet it is a cheering fact, which strikes at the root of many a plausible apology

for the more military method then in vogue, that it throve none the less. Doubtless the crop thus planted was of slower growth than elsewhere. But what of that? It was never eradicated, and the hardy exotic could only thus have become acclimatized on those inhospitable and storm-swept shores. How else, but by the law of kindness, could those fierce Vikings, whose home was on the thundering main, have been subdued? At a later period, long after the death of their Apostle, when Christianity having mounted the throne, persecution was unwisely and wickedly waged against the pagan minority, the dissidents emigrated *en masse* to Iceland, and there maintained for some time longer the outraged religion of Odin.* And, surely, if in the homesteads of those daring pirates, whose name was the terror of Christendom from Sicily to the Hebrides, and who in Anschar's own time laid waste the capitals of his sovereign, Paris and Aix, the Gospel needed no carnal weapons to open the way for its approach, it could have done without them anywhere. Like the Apostle of the North, its ambassadors might have fallen asleep without seeing the full fruits of their toils and sufferings, but in due season the harvest would have been garnered, if by other hands.

As already hinted, Anschar, like so many others of the greatest heroes of the faith, was dedicated to God from the womb, and was the child of many prayers. In his fifth year, however, he lost his godly mother. After her death he dreamt he saw her in the bright train of the Queen of Heaven, and heard her ask him whether he was willing to come to his mother. On the pious child's expressing his earnest longing to do so: "Renounce then," said she, "the vanities of the world, and let your only endeavour be, how you may best please God, and belong wholly to Him." Already had his parents placed him in the monastery of Corvey, near Amiens. Attached to the convent was a flourishing school under Paschasius Radbert, afterwards abbot of this ancient and celebrated Benedictine house. Anschar was his most diligent pupil, and his thirst for the religious life keeping pace with his intellectual growth, he in due time received the tonsure, cheerfully surrendering the long hair of the Frankish freeman, in token of his having become the servant of the Lord. Meanwhile, his inward feelings and aspirations were still reflected in the forms of his excitable imagination. Voices from the upper sphere continued to call him thither. He saw shining fingers beckoning him home to the world of light when he should have finished, like a hireling reaper, his day's work in the missionary harvest, and won the martyr's crown. On one occasion, for instance, he thought he mingled with the bright throng around the throne on high, and he states what he witnessed as follows:—"All the ranks of the heavenly host, standing round in exultation, drew joy from the fountain of light. The light was immeasurable, so that I could trace neither beginning nor end to it. And although I could see far and

* The Edda belongs to Iceland, and is the record of the expiring faith of these pagan pilgrim fathers.

near, yet I could not discern that which was embraced within that immeasurable light. I saw nothing but its outward shining, yet I believed that He was there, of whom St. Peter says, that even the angels desire to behold Him. He himself was, in a certain sense, in all, and all around Him were in Him. He encompassed them from without, and supplying their every want, inspired and guided them from within. In every direction alike He was all. There was neither sun nor moon to give light there, nor any appearance of heaven or earth. But the brightness of the transparent ether was such, that instead of being in the least oppressive, it refreshed the eye, satisfying the souls of all with inexpressible bliss. And from the midst of that immeasurable light, a heavenly voice addressed me, saying, 'Go, and return to me again, crowned with martyrdom.'" Two years afterwards, whilst wrestling in prayer as was his wont, he had another of these visions. He thought the Redeemer appeared to him, and bade him confess his sins that he might obtain absolution. He said, "Lord, Thou knowest all things ; not a thought is hidden from Thee." But the Lord answered, "It is true that I know all things ; yet for all that it is my will that men should confess to Me their sins, that they may be forgiven." Upon this the young *estatico* confessed his sins, and Christ assured Him they were forgiven, which filled him with unutterable joy. On another occasion, after receiving a fresh assurance from the Saviour of the forgiveness of his sins, his devout gratitude overflowed in the inquiry, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" upon which he thought he heard Christ saying to him, "Go, preach the word of God to the tribes of the heathen." We have, evidently, here a heart deeply stirred by the Spirit of God, if the form of the young Christian Nazarite's piety is unmistakably that of the age, and bears besides the stamp of a certain *naïve* enthusiasm. The boy in the cloister of Corvey reminds us of the child Samuel in the tabernacle at Shiloh. We see, too, projected in his visions, the powerful impression made upon him by the current accounts of the missionary labours and martyrdom of the Hampshire man Winfrid, the Apostle of the Germans, and his companions, some of whom may possibly have survived to Anschar's own time.

Meanwhile, the fields were opening for which the workman was thus girding his loins. Karl the Great died in 814, and the event, we are told, greatly deepened the young Picard's sense of the nothingness of earthly things. For he had seen the mighty emperor in all his glory, and he now renewed his vows more fervently than ever "to belong only to the Lord." The conqueror of the Saxons had already determined to plant monasteries amongst them as centres of Christian culture, but he met with unexpected difficulties, and was cut down by death before he was able to carry out his design. He had, however, paved the way for it, by distributing Saxon captives amongst the Frankish religious houses, who should afterwards go forth as monks to evangelize their countrymen. A large number of these young Saxons fell to the share of Corvey, and one of them, Theodrad by name,

suggested that a monastery should be founded on a well-watered piece of land belonging to his father's estate. The abbot Adalhard, a kinsman of the emperor Karl, approved of the idea, and sent the young monk home to negotiate the affair. Adalhard was soon afterwards deposed, but his successor, who bore the same name, zealously took up the business; and at the Diet of Paderborn, held A.D. 815, a year after Karl's death, his son, the new emperor, Ludwig the Pious, gave his sanction to the scheme. But this first colony from Corvey proved a failure, since provisions were so scarce in the region, that but for waggon-loads of the produce of the more fertile fields of Picardy, sent them from the parent monastery, the monks must have starved. Hence, after a six years' trial, the site* was abandoned, and a new and more hopeful one was obtained from the emperor, belonging to his own domains on the river Weser, between Cassel and Pymont. Here rose the afterwards famous conventual establishment, which, far eclipsing the mother whose name it bore, is known as *the* Corvey of mediæval history. It was founded A.D. 822, and of *this* swarm which went forth from Picardy to occupy the new hive, our Anschar was one of the leaders. Nay, since to him was committed the new conventual school, to him belongs the honour of having first lighted up this Pharos of the Dark Ages. Here, too, he began to preach to the heathen; for the waters of the Weser, into which the Saxons had been driven by thousands at the point of the sword, had not washed away their old pagan nature. In this valuable preparatory work he laboured for four years.

But already in the year of his exodus from Old or Golden Corvey, as it is styled by the monkish chroniclers, to the New, the icy gates of the North began to turn on their hinges, as if in response to this movement of its Apostle towards them. A dispute had sprung up in Denmark as to the right of succession to the Crown; and Harald Klag, one of its princes who ruled in Jutland, sent an embassy in that year to invoke the intervention of the emperor Ludwig. The emperor, in return, despatched an embassy to the court of Harald, at Hedeby, the present Schleswig; and, in addition to the political business with which it was charged, Ebbo, Archbishop of Rheims and Primate of France, who was placed at its head, was specially instructed to pave the way for the introduction of a Christian mission into the country. Ebbo, who, besides being the Frank monarch's favourite statesman, was no less zealous as a churchman, had long been ambitious of devoting himself to the conversion of the Danes, and threw himself so heartily into the work, that before he left Jutland, King Harald had declared in favour of Christianity. In A. D. 826, the royal convert, whose subsequent conduct justifies the suspicion that political motives may have had much to do with his change of religion, paid a state visit to the emperor at Ingelheim, where, with his queen and a portion of his

* Its ancient name was Hetha or Hechi, and tradition identifies it with a spot near Neuhaus, in the bailiwick of Uslar in Hanover.

numerous suite, he received baptism. Ludwig himself stood sponsor for the king, and his empress Judith for the queen. Inquiry was now made by the devout Ludwig, of Warinus,* abbot of the missionary monastery of New Corvey, for a suitable person to accompany his godson on his return to his native land. The abbot at once named a young monk, whom he knew to be thirsting for the honour of the martyr's crown. This was Anschar, who at once volunteered, and so wrought upon a brother monk, Autbert, who endeavoured to dissuade him from engaging in this forlorn hope, that he won him for his companion in the mission. The two evangelists were honoured with an interview with the emperor, who received them graciously, furnished them with church utensils, tents, and other necessities for their journey, and then commended them to the king. The royal savage, however, who seems to have had no eye for his new religion, save in silver slippers, handled the humble monks very roughly, even before they cleared the Rhine on their way by Holland to Denmark. Afterwards, indeed, when Bishop Hadebod, of Cologne, presented them with a vessel for their voyage, he himself accepted a passage in it, and by their exemplary Christian meekness he was at length very much softened.

Leaving them thus to improve their acquaintance on board, let us now take a rapid bird's-eye survey of this Scandinavia of the Karolingian age, towards which the ark of the Gospel is scudding. Its physical aspect was, of course, the same then as now, save that its firs have been thinned to build a thousand cities, and to furnish the masts and decks of a thousand navies. But the shores, all crag and cliff, jagged with deep fiords, as though, like the sword-fishes and the Vikings who dart in and out of them, they could never have enough of the sea, have seen no change since the last geological epoch, and will see none till the next. Deluges of rain and weird fogs drenched then as now, in vain, its patches of sand and barren heath. What there was of more generous soil was then as much a wilderness as the rest, for tillage was almost unknown. Piracy was the staple trade which victimized every other, even such as was struggling into life amongst the countrymen of the rovers, and on all sea-coasts as well as on all merchandize afloat, the "Raven" pounced only to plunder, and to dip its beak and claws in blood. It is, doubtless, the original of the black flag of more modern buccaneers. The Bird of Night, it flapped its gory wings in triumph, as it devoured its prey at home in its Baltic eyry, and little heeded the dove, already on its flight, to dispute with it its solitary reign.—It is true, as hinted above, that there were fitful attempts at commerce—in skins and furs, for instance, with Novogorod the *entrepot* for Russia. There were even two or three trading seaports, which, by artificially blocking up with rocks the entrances to their roadsteads and harbours, so that none but the local pilots could thread the narrow

* Neander erroneously says it was Abbot Wala who presided over *Old Corvey* at this time.

and intricate passages, sought to keep off too obtrusive friends and neighbours. More inland and on the banks of the large and numerous lakes, roamed herds of reindeer, which were owned by the magnates of the land. It was naturally amongst that portion of the population which was devoted to the more peaceful enterprises of commerce, or to pastoral pursuits, that the Cross would first be planted, and we can form a tolerable idea of the mode of life led by these classes from accounts nearly contemporary. Adam of Bremen says: "Norway, by reason of the ruggedness of its mountains and its exceeding coldness, is the most unfruitful of all countries, and fit only for pasture: as, amongst the Arabs, their flocks and herds run at large. These are the support of the inhabitants. The milk serves them for food, and the wool of their sheep for clothing. It frequently happens," he adds, "in Norway as well as in Sweden, that the most aristocratic persons look after their flocks and herds themselves, after the manner of the patriarchs, and live by the labour of their hands." But the most graphic sketch of pastoral and commercial life as they existed at this time in Scandinavia, is that given by the Norse traveller, Othere, to our own king Alfred, towards the close of this century, and incorporated in the latter's Anglo-Saxon translation of Orosius. "Othere said," we there read, "that the country where he lived is called Heligoland, and that nobody is settled to the northward of him. He was a rich man, and had abundance of the possessions in which their wealth consists—to wit, deer. He owned, at the time he conversed with the king, six hundred tame animals, none of which had he bought. These animals are called reindeer. Six of the number were decoy reindeer, which are highly prized by the Fins, for by means of them they catch the wild reindeer. He was one of the first men of the country, although he owned no more than a score cows, a score sheep, and a score swine, and the little patch which he tilled he cultivated by horse labour. But their principal income is derived from the contributions levied on the subject Fins. This tribute consists of skins, eider-down, whalebone, and ship's tackling, which is manufactured from the skins of whales and sea-dogs. Every subject Fin pays tribute according to his ability. The richest is bound to deliver fifteen marten-skins, as well as five reindeer skins, a bear's skin, ten barrels of eider-down, a smock made of bear's or otter's skin, and two ship's cables, each sixty ells in length, one made of whale's skin, and the other of sea-dog's skin." We have here a striking picture of one of those Scandinavian patriarchs, of whom Adam of Bremen speaks, painted by the man himself. We see the Norse squire surrounded by his subject Fins, and living partly on the produce of his herds or his scanty harvests, and partly on the tribute of his serfs. In another passage, train oil and sea-horse teeth are added to the inventory of Norse possessions. "Besides the pleasure of seeing foreign countries," Alfred continues, "a desire to capture sea-horses prompted Othere to undertake the voyage, in which he sailed round Norway; for their teeth furnish a very valuable sort of bone, and their hides are very good for

making cables of. The sea-horse is smaller than the whale, and is not more than seven ells long. Off Heligoland is found the best whale fishing : they are there from forty-eight to fifty ells in length. Othere told me that with six large ships he had killed sixty of them in two days." The thirst for adventure and for seeing strange lands, of which Othere is a good example, sometimes carried these ancient mariners very far out of the ordinary ocean tracks. According to the very old Icelandic historian, Are, the Norse Viking Gunbjörn was driven by a storm on to the American coast, about A.D. 878, or a few years after Anschar's death, and the reports he brought back led to the formation, within a century or so, of Christian settlements in Greenland, Newfoundland, and Pennsylvania.

It should not be overlooked, as some slight extenuation of the piratical habits of the Norsemen, that the poverty of their country threw them for support on the harvests of the sea, that they regarded their predatory expeditions as war, and that war was sanctioned and hallowed by their religion. That religion, of which the Edda is the most authentic monument, was substantially the same with that of all the families belonging to the great Gothic race ; and it is easy to piece out from this extant Bible of pagan Scandinavia the fragmentary accounts, given us by Tacitus, of the faith of the ancient Germans. There are not wanting traces in the Edda, and especially in the *Woluspa*, that gem of the entire collection, that a lofty ethical spirit originally animated the system, fitting it, to say the least, to be no worse a preparation for Christianity than the mythologies of Greece and Rome.

The oldest Gothic belief was in the Vanes, gentle and kind genii, and in Freyr, named above, a kind of peaceful Poseidon, with his sister Freya, the Gothic Aphrodite. The Odin religion was a later growth, with which, however, the more primitive faith was partially blended. Odin, the great god, created heaven and earth out of his own body, and the first human pair out of the alder and the ash. The first man lived in a paradisaical state, in the fellowship of the gods, in a city built by those divinities the Ases, or Anses, and called after the builders, Asgard. Anschar's own name contains this word, combined with another meaning "lance," or "spear," and accordingly denotes "the spear of God." But the golden age in Asgard was doomed to end. Lok, who alone had been spared and received amongst the Ases, with Odin at their head, when the giants were overthrown by them, introduced into it vice and evil. This mischief-loving tempter and mocker of gods and men, who, however, is represented as an imp rather than a fiend, occasions the death of Baldur, the noblest and purest of the Ases. With the death of Baldur, crime and calamity gain more and more the upper hand ; the monsters of the abyss break loose, the sad "twilight of the Ases" deepens into utter darkness, gods and men perish in internecine struggles with the giants, and the end of the world draws on. Then suddenly Baldur re-appears, the lord of a better age, to dispense glorious rewards to all who shall meanwhile have shown themselves brave, and condign punishment to cowards.

None but freemen who have died sword in hand are entitled to the delights of Walhalla. For women and slaves, nothing but a shadowy prolongation of their present sad lot is to be looked for beyond the grave. In the hall of Odin the glorified heroes daily fight their battles over again. The Walkyres—their guardian spirits, who chose them out of the slain on the battle-field, gave them immortality, and fondly flew with them to Walhalla—wait upon them still, and hand them huge beakers of mead to quaff. Daily also the great wild boar, Sahrinnar, is roasted for them whole ; and, after being eaten, is renewed every evening. Odin's own portion is thrown by the god to his two wolves, Geri and Freki, who crouch at his feet under the dais. For he needs no flesh ; wine is to him both meat and drink.

But to return to the missionaries whom Providence had destined to shake this heathen system to its foundations. On their arrival at Hadeby—as we have already said Schleswig was then called—in company with the king, they are said to have met with considerable success, and to have made many converts from the first. This can hardly have been the case, and is doubtless an exaggeration of the monkish chroniclers, who are wont to forget that the gift of tongues has ceased. Though the Danish must have then been far more closely akin to the German dialects than now, yet much time must have been spent by the foreign monks in mastering the idiom of the country. Moreover, when our informants come to specific facts, we find no indications of any extraordinary success in the case. Quite the contrary. So unfavourably disposed towards Christianity were Harald's subjects, that his having embraced it led to his being driven across the frontier within a couple of years from his return ; and in A.D. 829 Anschar himself—whose comrade, Autbert, had already, through sickness, been compelled to retreat to Corvey, where he shortly afterwards died—found it necessary to retire for this time. All that he had as yet been able to effect was the establishment of a school of twelve boys, some of whom he had purchased, the rest having been presented to him by Harald. In thus forwarding Anschar's plans for the training of future teachers of his nation, as well as in his holding his crown cheaper than his religion, the king affords pleasing proof that his voyage on board the missionary ship has done him a world of good. On the whole, however, this Danish door has, for the present, been opened but a very little way. A single beam of light has startled the darkness which reigns in that den of pirates, and now it is slammed to again. The Apostle of the North has met with his first repulse, but he still keeps his loving eye upon it ; and when called elsewhere, gives strict charge to Brother Gislemar to watch in his stead.

The scene now changes to Sweden. For Providence so ordained that about this very time envoys from Björn, king of that portion of Scandinavia, where by means of Christian captives and the commercial intercourse with the then flourishing port of Dorstede some seeds of the Gospel had been scattered, arrived at the court of the Emperor Ludwig the Pious. These ambassadors, with the view possibly of

ingratiating themselves with the Frank ruler, and thus the better attaining their political objects, told him there were many Christians in Sweden, and invited him to send them priests. The emperor proposed this mission to Anschar, who at once declared himself ready to embark in any undertaking likely to glorify the name of Christ. Accordingly, in the summer of A.D. 829, he took a passage for himself and Witmar, a brother monk of Corvey, on board a trading-vessel bound for Sweden, carrying with him many presents with which he had been intrusted by the emperor for King Björn. On the voyage he had practical proof of the sort of people to whom he was taking the Gospel. The ship was attacked by pirates, who stripped them of their all, and then seem to have flung them, to take their chance, on a barren and unknown shore. His companions were for endeavouring to return, but Anschar declared he would not think of doing so, until God should have revealed to him that the time was not yet come for His word to be preached in Sweden. Through woods and across lakes, therefore, they pushed on at his earnest entreaty, and at length reached the town of Birka, on the Lake of Mälarn, then a considerable port near Sigtuna, the ancient capital of the kingdom, and not far from the present metropolis, Stockholm. Björn received the emperor's presents graciously, and readily accorded Anschar permission to preach in his country, and to baptize any of his subjects who might wish to change their religion. Of this liberty the missionaries joyfully availed themselves, and not only strengthened the faith of the Christians whom they found there already, by administering to them, bond and free alike, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, but induced some of the Pagans also to cast in their lot with them. The most eminent amongst these new converts was the nobleman Herigar, the governor of one of the provinces, who was honoured to erect on his own freehold estate the first Christian church in Sweden. After labouring thus with cheering success for a year and a half, Anschar in A.D. 831 returned to the emperor at Aix to report progress, and to lay the foundation for more extensive and systematic assaults against the strongholds of Scandinavian idolatry.

He so deeply interested the imperial devotee in his important work by these communications, that Ludwig determined to carry out forthwith the plan formerly entertained by his father for the establishment of a missionary metropolitan see at Hamburg, to which Anschar was to be consecrated. The unambitious monk, however, steadily declined until the consent of the German Church to this new foundation should have been first obtained. This was arranged accordingly, and Anschar, having been raised to the new dignity, was sent to Rome, to procure the Pope's confirmation of the new archbishopric, and to receive the *pallium*. Since, moreover, the see thus created was rich only in cares, and was exposed to constant inroads from the north, the emperor gave him the abbacy of Thorout, situated in Flanders, between Bruges and Ypres, for his support. Pope Gregory IV. not only ratified all that had been done, but also further showed his sense of the importance of this scheme for evangelizing the North, by associating with Anschar

in the work the Frank primate, Ebbo of Rheims, who being himself unable personally to embark in the enterprise, forthwith ordained as his substitute his nephew Gauzbert to the episcopal superintendence of the rising Swedish mission. Gauzbert entered into Anschar's labours with great zeal, and carried on the work with much success, till in A.D. 845 a storm of heathen reaction burst forth. The bishop was attacked in his own house, plundered of everything, and harried out of the country by the fanatical Pagan mob. For six years, in spite of all Anschar's earnest endeavours, nothing more could be done in that quarter. At length, however, in A.D. 851, he prevailed on a pious recluse, Ardgar, to forsake his hermitage, and to resume the Swedish enterprise. Ardgar was warmly welcomed by Herigar and the rest of the scattered flock, who had been so long destitute of the most precious ordinances and consolations of their adopted religion. Yet even in the interval progress had been made, and the Lord had carried on the work by means of native converts. In one instance, indeed, no other than a heathen priest had helped to spread the growing impression of the power of Christ. One of those maddened pagans who had plundered Bishop Gauzbert's house deposited his booty, amongst which was a church book, in the house of his father. The son and many other relatives of the family died shortly after, and the old man, smitten too by other calamities which befell him at the same time, consulted his priest, who told him he must have offended the God of the Christians, for he was sure so pious a man could have outraged no other of the gods. The man vowed satisfaction to Christ; and, yielding up the Christian volume, tied it to a stake, where it was found by the Christian who told the story to Anschar's scholar and biographer, Rimbert. The curious trophy was handed to Ardgar on his arrival.

Amongst the new converts, the most zealous was Herigar, the stadtholder, who had never lost any opportunity of furthering the good cause. On one occasion, when Birka was threatened by an invading army, and the inhabitants had implored in vain the help of their gods, he had boldly proposed to them to try his own God, whom he declared to be the Almighty. They listened to him, and at his instance actually held a solemn convocation in a large field, and vowed a fast to the Lord Christ, and a distribution of alms in His name. Thus wonderfully was the soil prepared for the good seed of the kingdom. For two years Ardgar scattered it plentifully, after which, upon Herigar's death, he seems to have become discouraged, and retired to his hermitage once more.

We next find Anschar himself re-appearing on this scene of his early triumphs. At first, indeed, he entreated Gauzbert to return to his post; but the bishop plausibly pleaded his unpopularity, and the bitter hatred evinced towards him when his house had been stormed eight years before, as likely to prove a serious hindrance to the truth. Anschar felt the force of the argument, and prepared to go himself. He was the more disposed to this course on account of a dream he had had, at a time when his spirit was greatly bowed down by his overwhelming

anxiety for the prosperity of the Swedish mission. He dreamt he saw Abbot Adalhard of Corvey in glory, who foretold to him that from his lips the islands and the distant tribes should hear the Word of God ; that he was destined to carry salvation to the ends of the earth ; and that the Lord would glorify His servant. This last intimation he understood of that call to martyrdom which he had all along anticipated ; which, however, was not to be his lot. He seemed very near it, indeed, on his first landing again in Sweden. But before we speak of this, a few words must be said as to what he had been doing since he left Birka, and was raised to the archbishopric of Hamburg.

The Danish mission continued in abeyance for many years, save that Anschar did all he could in the way of preparation for better times. The Christian prince, Harald, had been succeeded by Horik, a pagan and a persecutor. Still Anschar did not abandon the hope of mollifying this bitter enemy of the Gospel, and meanwhile he patiently persevered in the adoption of every method in his power of ultimately making a breach in the sealed ramparts. He was unwearied in his exertions to evangelize his own extensive but almost wholly heathen diocese, which comprised at first no more than four churches. The more and the better Christians there were on his own bank of the Eider, the more surely would their religion cross over the narrow stream, and beautify the other bank also with the tree of life. All the surplus revenues of his poor see and of his monastery were invested, moreover, in that singular sort of slave-trade in which we have already seen him engaged in Hadeby. He purchased numbers of Slavonian and Scandinavian youths, whom he afterwards trained as monks and priests under his own eye, or sent them to Thoroult for the same purpose, intending to employ them as missionaries to their heathen countrymen. A heavy calamity befel him whilst engaged in carrying out his plans. In A.D. 845, the same year in which Bishop Gauzbert had been chased from Sweden, Hamburg was fallen upon by the Northmen. The ruthless pagans made the clergy and the churches, as usual, the special object of their fury ; and the good archbishop was beggared. The splendid cathedral which he had built, together with the adjoining monastery, as well as his library, the gift of the emperor, were reduced to a heap of smoking ruins, and he had much ado to escape with his life and his relics. But for the Christian kindness of a noble lady of Holstein, named Ida, he and his ecclesiastical family must have starved. Yet he murmured not, but said with Job, "The Lord gave, the Lord hath taken away—He hath done what seemed Him good—blessed be the name of the Lord." From his retreat on the Lady Ida's estate at Rameshoe he sallied forth to seek the bloody footsteps of the destroyers through his wasted diocese, and, like a good Samaritan, to heal the wounds they had inflicted.

In the same year, however, the bishopric of Bremen fell vacant, and four years afterwards the Metropolitan See was transferred thither, where its establishments would be safer from barbarian and pagan outrage. At the same time its revenues were very much increased by the

change, and with them the resources of the mission. Anschar was now able to make considerable presents to King Horik of Denmark, which was a favourite method with him of breaking down opposition to the truth. Moreover, in the conduct of some diplomatic business with which he was entrusted at the court of the Danish monarch, he so won upon his confidence and respect, that Horik declared he would have to do with no other negotiator in his transactions with the neighbouring empire. The violent Diocletian was not, it is true, softened into a Constantine, but he now readily gave his sanction to the propagation of Christianity within his dominions, and Anschar was allowed to erect a church at Hadeby. Many of the Danes were baptized, and the movement thus begun slowly but surely gathered strength, until, under our own Canute, no pagan reaction was any more to be feared.

Anschar's influence with King Horik was also of great service to the Swedish mission, to which we must now accompany the Apostle of the North. The royal Dane sent with him an envoy to the court of King Olof, to say that he was well acquainted with this servant of God, who came to him as an ambassador from the German Emperor Ludwig. Never in all his life, he added, had he seen so good a man, nor found one so worthy of confidence. Having found him to be a man of such singular goodness, he had himself, he said, let him order everything as he chose in regard to Christianity. Accordingly he begged King Olof to allow him in like manner to arrange everything as he pleased for the introduction of Christianity into his own kingdom, for that he would do nothing but what was good and right. A more striking instance than this of the importance of a Christian bishop's having a good report of them that are without, is, perhaps, not to be found in history.

Anschar arrived at Birka in the very midst of a crisis in which he required such powerful intercession. A national champion of the faith of Odin, maddened to the highest pitch of fanaticism by the progress of Christianity, had just arisen. This man announced himself to the Swedes as a messenger from the gods, to make known their wrath at the neglect into which their worship had fallen, and at the honours rendered to a foreign divinity. If they wanted a new god, the heathen prophet said, they should build a temple to Erikt, one of their ancient kings. The fiery speeches of the Norse Porphyry told powerfully upon the people, his suggestion was adopted with acclamation, and this pagan revival was at its height in the moment at which Anschar landed at Birka. The native Christians, alarmed for his life, implored him to retreat, but he had counted the cost and steadfastly refused. Yet, although eager, as we have seen, for the martyr's crown, and prepared, as he told the trembling converts, to face any amount and form of torture, he would not neglect prudent precautions. He invited King Olof to a banquet, and soothed him, as was his wont, with presents. Having thus conciliated the Swedish monarch's good will, he personally pressed the request contained in King Horik's letter, that he might be allowed to preach the Christian faith. The king was not himself averse

from granting it, but since his authority was limited he could only promise to convoke the Folkthing or popular legislative assembly, and himself to support the proposal after consulting the gods by lot. In the interval Anschar gave himself to prayer, and whilst engaged in celebrating the mass, felt so strong a faith as to the result that he said to a priest who stood by him at the altar, "I am now sure of my cause; grace will be with them." Nor was his joyful anticipation disappointed.

The decisive day dawned. The matter was first laid by the king before his nobles, who demanded an appeal to the will of the gods by lot. It was favourable to the admission of the new religion. The king now, according to his pledge, put the question to the Folkthing. When the debate waxed warm, an eventful turn was given to it by a very old man, who rose in the midst of this Swedish parliament and said, "Hear me, king and people; many of us, no doubt, have already learned that this God can be of help to those who trust in Him; for many of us here have had experience of it in dangers at sea, and in manifold straits. Why, then, should we spurn what is necessary and useful to us? Once, several of us travelled, for the sake of this religion, to Dorstede, and there embraced it uninvited. At present the seas have become dangerous by piracy. Why, then, should we not embrace what we once felt constrained to seek in distant parts, now that it is offered at our own doors?" He carried the assembly with him, and the promulgation of the Gospel was thus legalized throughout Gothland. In Sweden Proper also a similar decision was shortly afterwards come to, and Erimbart, a priest, was despatched to forward the movement in that quarter. Anschar erected a church on a site given by the king, and purchased another himself for a parsonage-house. After completing these establishments, and leaving behind him a number of his associate ecclesiastics to carry on the work of evangelization, he returned to his diocese in A. D. 854.

During the remainder of his lifetime the pious and ardent missionary archbishop watched with sleepless solicitude over the welfare of the infant Scandinavian churches, and in his last sickness he wrote to the emperor and to the German bishops to commend them to their faith and zeal. He died in his sixty-fifth year, on the festival of the Purification of the Virgin, February 3rd, A. D. 865, with the words on his lips, "Lord, be merciful to me a sinner! Into Thy hands I commend my spirit." When the sick, who from distant parts were wont to seek his prayers, showed any inclination to speak of their subsequent recovery as miracles, the humble man would say, "Could I deem myself worthy of such a favour from the Lord, I would pray him to vouchsafe me but this *one* miracle—that out of me he would make a good man." That prayer was heard; and pagans owned in him, as we see in the instance of King Horik, the awfulness of goodness. That Christians should have acknowledged it also is less surprising; but towards their inconsistencies it sometimes manifested itself in a form of keen rebuke, impossible to withstand. Thus, on

one occasion, when he heard of some of the baptized magnates of his diocese who were guilty of the enormity of kidnapping some fugitive Christian slaves, and forcing them into their service, he went straight-way into their midst, and shamed them into the liberation of the captives. He had no other arms than those of the Spirit; and the might of these weapons, which is so strikingly displayed in this incident, is the pregnant moral of Anschar's entire history, and is the key to all his triumphs as the Apostle of the North.

III.

THE OLD MULBERRY GARDEN AND THE MODERN ST. JAMES'S PARK.

BY WALTER THORNBURY.

TIME, who is a harlequin, famous for his tricks and changes, seems to treat London as the scene of a pantomime that takes a great many centuries playing, but still must come to the green-curtain drop at last. Wonderful are the changes and tricks he effects, telling the gentlemen of the stage, whether clown or king, the proper time for their entrance and their exit. His scenes are on a large scale, and they flap and slide about just like the scenes of the pantomime of my simile—(this cold weather it is impossible to keep metaphors quite congruous). Now a king's London palace, at a slap of his wand, becomes a hospital; now a gallows green becomes a fashionable street. Perhaps Harlequin Time wills it that now a Niagara sausage-machine roar in the cellar where Mrs. Brownrigg murdered her apprentice. Now that a coal-wharf shall take the place of the Norman castle that once frowned upon the banks of the crystal Thames, the "silver-footed Thamesis," whose *strand* the poet Herrick, exiled to his rough Devonshire vicarage, longed to repace, or "reiterate," as he somewhat fantastically calls it.

The harlequin Time, with his changeful wand ever vibrating over our dear black-faced, changeful, dirty, delightful city, has played, and is still playing, strange tricks. There was the little, swift, crystal streamlet, the Fleet—swallow swift and fleet-chasing, ripple after ripple, from its hilly source in some Hampstead meadow, is now a vaulted-up, loathsome, poison-breathing sewer, full of rats and odours, that are so strong they run about in visible shapes, and is no more fit to be seen than a charnel-house, or a plague-pit newly covered. The little fairy nymph of that Fleet stream has long since died an Ophelia

death, and lies buried forty fathoms' deep in this fat and stagnant Styx of subterranean London—a sad type of all the bright youth and childhood that has grown old, and wicked, and festering, bad, and has died, and corrupted away, in this our wicked old London. The Fleet seems to me—if I may be allowed to draw a simile from a book I love much—the unhappy *Little Nell* of rivers; the Babe in the Wood, killed by its naughty uncles, the nightmen of London. Shall I stay to trace its decline, as it thickened and darkened like a painter's glass, when he washes his Indian-ink brush? Shall I tell how it flowed under the cruel thieves' haunts of the bad cocked-hat time—the heartless, false, artificial time—when, through bloody trap-doors and secret apertures, often by moon glimpses at the dead of night, stabbed and battered bodies were splashed into its waters by masked highwaymen and blaspheming wretches, with pistols still smoking, sticking from their huge flapped pockets. This is *Change No. 1*.

Change No. 2.—Lincoln's Inn Fields, where the Duke of Ancaster and other of Horace Walpole's grand, patched, and periwigged, false, fribbly friends lived, with sprinkle of judges and great men (brain great, not pocket great)—fading to the stony row of silent chambers of 1860—where the grimy laundress sweeps the foot-marked door-steps, and where sparse grass grows between the bald white stones of the court-yards.

Change No. 3 of my sample changes; taken at random. The site of the National Gallery, in the Middle Ages the King's Mews; where, in grassy plots, the dandelion balanced its hollow globe of down, like a floral acrobat, with one trick, or spread its yellow shield flower, while the white falcons of Norway fluttered and whistled on the gloved hand of some lucky accident that wore the regal coronet, and strutted like a deity got down from its pedestal.

Change 4.—The silent and blocked-up warehouses, where chains dangle, and custom-house cats collect revenues of mice, and hops smell sweet, and hay spreads about—dry memorial of summer fields—and bales of spices tell stories to each other at night of Ceylon cinnamon-groves and Malabar jungles—stand now where once the Globe Theatre stood, where for the first time the great Elizabethan men sat and wondered at the magic world unrolled before them by that short prick-bearded man, who sat on the stage among the smoking gallants and their pages.

But I might go on all day, showing the pantomimic changes of harlequin Time; showing how London has eaten up all the green fields round it, and spread like a gangrene, killing and deadening as it spread. I could show how the rich citizens' houses of middle-age London are now chandlers' shops in small alleys, and that where Jane Shore, with her jewelled hair, sat and waited for the king, is now—but I must get at once to my special change—the change of the old Mulberry Garden of Charles into the modern Buckingham Palace; the change of St. James's Park from the swampy meadow walled in by Henry VIII., to the trim modern triangle where the children play,

the ducks strut, the swans pout, and the cows stand so patiently to be milked ; where once fat Prior and black-browed Swift walked together, to better, not the English constitution, but their own.

It is delightful even now going down the tumultuous Strand—to pace which Dr. Johnson thought the glory of existence, and the whole *Duty of Man* ; to pass the pert statue of Charles I., with the honey-combed pedestal ; and to thread through those iron Horse Guard gates, under the infallible clock ; and between those mirrors of knighthood, the two horse-guards, who seem always so bran new, so veneered, so brushed, so Windsor-soaped, so killing, so fatal, if not to their enemies—who they never meet—certainly to the Carlton Terrace nurse-maids, who regard them as demigods and Achilleses—as probably they are, if Paris were to be again troublesome. I still like to pace the hard clean walks that border the lipping water, where the yellow puffs of ducklings scull about, and where the frowning swans spread all their canvas to the blue June air—just as some chiding monitor of time—some dull mechanic sexton of the day—knells for the bygone hour over Westminster way, and announces, with the indifference of a herald, the coronation of a new king of sixty minutes. I like the barrack sidewalk, where you hear the drum noisily vibrant, reminiscent of Waterloos, or of many Vittorias. I like the open breezier palace-end, where the fountain sows rainbows, and the once royal home, so unhealthy, as Leigh Hunt will have it, raises its wealthy but unmeaning bulk. I like to look at the hideous monster of Mr. John Nash, architect—the place that bluff old William IV. would not inhabit, and that, tinkered up from time to time, was originally nothing but a cheating enlargement of the old Buckingham House, by that heartless, cunning fellow, George IV., who thus intended to trick Parliament into building a new palace. I remember, without even the intelligent aid of Mr. Peter Cunningham—whom so many old writers have aided—that this was originally a house built for Dryden's Duke of Buckingham ; that it was again rebuilt and sold to George II., when a “pouting” Absolom ; that then George IV. played his tricks with it ; and so, with some modifications and enlargements, it now stands scaring the sun and frightening the moon—a very hideous modification of the wattled cabin of the early British chief. I like, too, the centre walks, where the little Benjamins of London play, and cry, and babble, and where seedy meditators, and out-of-doors and sometimes out-of-elbow philosophers think and doze, then wake, and doze, and think ; where the thin nervous, fine-fibred grass struggles for a living, and where the pampered swans steer past with their orange feet. Here, too, sometimes seated between an oily farmer up for the “show,” who rubs his red face with a silk mainsail, and a gentlemanly vagabond, who tells me he has been in the “Rifles,” and who looks rather like a rifler—I sometimes, in a day-dream, find myself asking the farmer who that swarthy man in the dove-coloured velvet and cloth-of-gold sword-belt is, who stands just opposite, throwing showers of dry hemp-seed to the ducks.

“I see now't—sartin I don't,” says the farmer.

I appeal to the ex-officer of the Rifles.

"You haven't sixpence about you, honoured sir?" is all the reply I can get from the subaltern with the packet of greasy letters. But yet I do see him; my retina takes the full image. By the apple of my eye, I know now that grim dark face, that heavy eye, and black wig, that strong sure walk, and that train of little waddling spaniels. He is watching the three hundred men at work, and talking with some French gardener about throwing all the ponds but *Rosamond's* into one strip of water, with islands for the ducks; there is to be a rising fence for deer, decoys for ducks, and broad gravel walks instead of narrow winding field-paths; Italian ice-houses, avenues of trees, and, above all, a mall. I suppose the king got his love for ducks in Holland, where he brought the use of skates from. No use now decoys for wild fowl in the Park; the wild fowl that Charles saw on their own nests are gone far from the roaring city, gone like the "fat and sweet salmons" that the historian Harison saw daily taken in the Thames—gone where the woodcocks of the West End squares are gone, and where the whitebait of Greenwich will follow, if the Thames goes on getting worse as it gets older.

St. James's Palace was once a hospital for fourteen leprous sisters, dedicated to the Spanish Saint who gave a name to so long a line of Scotch kings, the dregs of which line we had the blessings of in England till we tossed them on to a foreign dunghill, where they ceased to trouble us, death shutting them all up, the lost drunkard, and the other bigots and *mauvais sujets* in a certain quiet mortuary chapel of the Vatican that I have often visited with much thankfulness. Henry VIII., hateful to God and man, laid his fat hand on this charity, as the English Rehoboam did, wherever he could on church or manor-house.

The site of Buckingham Palace was once, as I have said before, a suburban mulberry garden, or Cremorne, that existed when Cromwell shut up Spring gardens and they were built upon, and before Vauxhall was opened. It was a fashionable botanical-garden sort of place, where you eat tarts, and had wine and cheesecakes. Lord Goring lived close by, at the house that the Earl of Arlington and the Duke of Buckingham successively inhabited; and there was good air there and good company, for here, at a glass-smashing banquet, Charles II. himself violated his own decree against pledging and the drinking of healths. Ever since Cromwell shut up Spring Garden, the Mulberry Garden flourished.

But of that anon. This garden originated in a planting of mulberries near Westminster Palace, by that erudite and most wise simpleton, James I.,—the man born for a village schoolmaster, or a country Shallow. It consisted of about four acres twenty-two perches of land, and stood on the north-west side of the present palace; it was intended to set an example, borrowed from some Italian traveller, of the cultivation of the Eastern tree, the poor witch-frightened pedant having some gleam of an idea that such culture would promote the manufacture

of English silks. At that time, even in Scotland, the first principles of political economy were unknown, or the murderer of Raleigh would have known that new trades may be grown, but cannot be forced by the hotbed of royal decrees. The mulberry-garden silk—the due time of decomposition having come—like Chelsea china and other artificialities, “exhaled and went to”—limbo. Charles I., that melancholy and wife-ruled bigot, before its complete decease, granting it, mulberries, swaddled silk-worms and all, to the care of Lord Aston for “own and son’s life,” as laborious, but dull Mr. Peter Cunningham has discovered after much dusty grubbing, and dry diving into registers.

I will not stop to restore the old mulberry garden even in imagination; let the old haunt of folly be buried under the kitchen paving stones of the unhaunted palace. Let us picture only for a moment, if we like, and then dismiss for ever, the great shrubby unnaturalised tree of Palestine, with the thick sappy boughs, and large green toothed leaves,—what time the ground under their dark shadow during Charles I.’s anguish, were purple, blood-stained with fruit, as if some Cavalier and Puritan had indeed been struggling for life or death under the fruit-laden branches; we may picture the Vandyke men, in suits of white silk or carnation velvet, pacing on the turfen bowling-greens, roses in their shoes, swords by their side, their hats plumed with blue or crimson, their bearing stately and grave, as befitted the gentlemen of whom Falkland and Hampden are the two contrasting types. Here, perhaps, too, grave-faced Puritan divines—Hugh Peters and his brother preachers—in sad-coloured raiment, short cropped hair, and black skull caps on their heads, paced up and down, between the fountains, the silver columns, the flower beds—that seemed to rebuke melancholy as sinful,—and the large-leaved mulberry trees. Here with heavy folio volumes of Prynne, and other faithful men, under their sinewy arms, they repeated the story of how King David once waited for the Philistines in the valley of Rephaim, and went forth to battle to smite them utterly by God’s direction, when he heard a sound as of a rushing wind in the tops of the mulberries. It is true, says Brother Hew-Agag-in-Pieces, afterwards trooper in Cromwell’s Ironsides, that the Douay version for “mulberry trees” substitutes “pear trees,” [“but what is the Douay version?—Drawer, bring three stoups of wine,—and again in the Psalms lxxxiv.—6, we hear of him ‘who passing through the valley of mulberries;’—“and Drawer, some pasty, if you have it.”]

Here, without stopping to sketch that good and virtuous Surrey gentleman, Mr. Evelyn, who loved gardens so much that he expressed a wish to be buried in one, and who was treated to wine and cakes at this spot we speak of, on a certain afternoon in Cromwell’s time, just after that iron-handed man had shut up Spring Gardens, and left the Mulberry Gardens as the only place of refreshment where “persons of the best quality could be exceedingly cheated at,”—we can but wonder, in a blind sort of way, at the quiet decorum with which so good a man must have moved stoically among the ladies and gallants who selected

this place as one for special, and too often guilty rendezvous. He must have been a little reproving and chilling, and sad in face, for that loud-laughing, many-tongued place, where wanton satins swept the sward, and wanton fans beat the blue air, keeping time to amorous lutes, and satin shoes measured out the minuet, and much dangerous smiling and mischief were wrought on the primrose edge of the abyss of ruin.

But though Milton may have strolled here, thinking of Comus, and his revelling rout, and Cromwell have strode up and down thinking of how he should best bruise the foul fiend's head, trusting much in Providence, yet taking care to buckle his secret breastplate firm and tight; and Selden have mused on rabbinical lore, and Newton have looked at the stars, and Wren have traced out St. Paul's on the orange gravel,—we pass to a far more congenial figure, and one more befitting the wanton pleasure garden and the silken Circes of the lamp-lit arbour, than grave Mr. Evelyn, the sober and wise country gentleman.

Need we say we allude to Mr. Pepys—Mr. Samuel Pepys of the Admiralty, that fat-faced, rather pompous looking, fussy official,—not too moral, and an arrant time-server; a Puritan once, which he does not wish known,—a tailor's son, which he wishes forgotten,—in a word, a selfish gossip; but, nevertheless, a useful, hard-working, tolerably conscientious man, particular with his wig, expensive and showy in his dress; fond of amusement, and not unknown at the Duke's theatre.

It is a May day, also, but long after Evelyn's visit, that we find Mr. Pepys here for the first time, eight years after the Restoration,—about five years before the place was finally closed, and its enchantment broken up. Mr. Pepys found it a silly place, worse than Spring Garden, but thought the "wilderness" somewhat pretty; and April next year, he was here again, treated by one there with an olio made by a cook of the place, who had been to Spain with Pepys' great patron, Lord Sandwich; he found the *podrida* "a very noble dish, such as I never saw before,"—and let us hope digested it; then he took a walk, and eventually returned again, to sup on what he had left from the dinner at noon.

And who dare call us to task if we choose to presume that in the next arbour might have been seated a certain, not unknown, poet—one Mr. John Dryden; not in his old bookseller's hack uniform suit of Norwich drugget, but rather fresh coloured and grand, in his sword and Chedreux wig, drinking Rhenish and eating cheesecakes with a lady in a mask—one Madame Reeve, the fair actress. Perhaps he is reading to her, under breath, his Ode to Charles II., which is poor compared with that he wrote to Cromwell, because, as the poet wittily says, in his quiet way, "Poets succeed better in fiction than in truth." "Well come off," laughs Madame Reeve, putting down her slender wine glass, and flashing out so bewitchingly with her sparkling white teeth.

It was to this bygone Circeland, Sedley, Etherege, and Wycherley, better poets than men, came to glean from life. Here they sat, and

watched their Modishes, and Wildishes, and Snappems, their musicians, and dancers, their 'prentices and sedan men, their young-old beaux and their old-young prigs, their citizens, servants, and children. Here (to Colby's) came gallants full of French oaths, and their new perriwigs and sword-belts, fresh from "dozens of champagne," and riding races round Hyde Park. Here, tired of Ombre, or of presenting oranges at the theatre, came the sparks to see the country ladies, whose great resort the gardens were, after the play had closed and the park had been visited. Here men came fresh from their dish of coffee or tea, to spill some Burgundy, and drink toasts in brimming glasses. Here ruffians, fresh from the filthy dens of the Fleet, came to brag, and bully, and cheat, and pick quarrels.

To judge by Shadwell, this garden must have been a place not always undisturbed by the clash of swords and the trample and scrunch of broken glass, for spirits were high in England then, and swords were ever ready for sudden murder or duelling, which is analogous to it. Fat Shadwell, whom Dryden attacked as a fool as unjustly as Pope did Dennis, talks of the "pleasant divertissement" in the Mulberry Garden—and one of his Frenchified humourists says: "Ay, I was there, and the garden was very full of gentlemen and ladies, that made love to each other till twelve o'clock at night—the prettyest; I vow 'twould do one's heart good to see them."

And here a word or two about that unknown vice of the present original day—plagiarism. I should be sorry "to rob Peter to pay Paul;" that is to say, to quote Mr. Peter Cunningham's useful if not brilliant book on London, when I had his authorities myself to go to, and some knowledge how to use them.

For in these times of literary filching it highly becomes a man of honour,—if he have any generous fire in him,—to sit down and settle this question of "plagiarism" with himself—how far honest quotations can be used without becoming dishonest thieving, and how far, when practised on oneself, stealing is to be resented, posted, and exposed. Now, Mr. Peter Cunningham, being a busy, not always accurate, compiler from all good books in London—such as Leigh Hunt, Smith's *Rainy Day*, &c.—must needs be used seemingly, though one go first hand for everything, and even set right, and fill up his numerous short-comings—the sin, not of error but of omission, being his most special one.

This settled, and feeling easier now having nailed the colours of a principle to my mast, I go back to the garden that changed into a palace about the same time Spring Gardens became Lockett's tavern, the great resort of the Queen Anne wits; and from here, where mulberries no longer stain pretty crimson mouths, let us return to the St. James's Park and the quiet cows, that West, that most smooth and intolerable of all dull artists, once painted. We have already in an erratic way, as becomes the legendary stroller, described how that fat tyrant, Henry VIII., turned St. James's Fields, that were probably the people's lands, into a small chase; and how, in

his corrupt and vicious cruel old age—this favourite of Mr. Froude, the crochety and the changeable—turned out the fourteen leper ladies and the eight monks who kept up daily prayers. Here this “soul of leprosy,” as Leigh Hunt, generally rather mincing and affected, finely calls him, lodged his “swathed and corrupt body.” The very year he married Anne Boleyn it was that this tyrant of so many flocks and herds took away the poor man’s “little ewe lamb.” He who had seized on good men’s lands—who had revelled, Belshazzar-like, out of even sacramental cups—now spared no one; his thirst for lust and revenge grew like Nero’s. He had dead Wolsey’s Whitehall and Hampton Court, he had Royal Windsor, and he had many palaces, but he must have this little leper’s hospital, this Naboth’s vineyard, and he clutched it. The black red-brick gateway of it, dull and drear, still stands facing the steep street of clubs, and the initials of Henry and Anne still stand together in the “chimney-piece of the old presence-chamber.”

It was the same royal murderer of More, Fisher, and Surrey, who made a tilt-yard and cock-pit where the Horse-Guards (equally useful) now stands. But now no blows are exchanged there, and military millinery is all that remains of the old brave buffeting that was the horse-play of Henry’s time; that king who made up for a good youth by so wicked and corrupt an old age—Henry, the Vitellius of England.

History, as hitherto written, has been nothing but a record of the crimes and blunders of kings. The history of the English people I hope some day to enter the lists for, caring myself more for the species man than the genus king. Of king-history St. James’s Park gives us plenty. We see that false king, Charles I., with his dull, sad face, pacing across it on his way to his execution outside the Whitehall window. There is Charles II., his hopeful son, talking to Nell Gwynne, over the garden-wall of the Mall. There is James II. thinking of the bishops, and wishing they had but one neck. Then dull Queen Anne, nibbling her fan for want of a repartee. George I., short, snub, and pale, with his fat German mistress or burly Walpole by his side; George II., coarse and rough, with his aquiline nose pointing to Chat-ham; George III., scarce saved with Pitt, the lean; and George IV., the handsome and vile.

There are wonders too, hidden in this avenue of trees beyond the sooty Egyptian cannon. There grow sable descendants of that tree that King Charles pointed out, as he paced bravely to execution—soldiers before, soldiers behind—as the very tree planted by his unlucky brother Prince Henry. Is that the one the soldier sits with his back against, or was it that tree’s grandfather? Might it not perhaps have been that tree under which, on a certain fair November evening, the Lord-General Cromwell took aside that heavy man, Whitelocke, having first saluted him with more than ordinary civility, as he met him on horse, or, worn with business and State papers, which are not light reading (as dull men call all reading which is amusing) — was it here, with saturnine face, dyspeptic red nose, and wart on the left temple, the great

general put that very leading question to a cautious statesman:—“Whitelocke, what if a man should take upon him to be king?”—to which answers Bulstrode, reasonably honestly, “I think that the remedy were worse than the disease”?

Is it possible that the great saviour of England did plan this step, feeling no hope of doing permanent good without thus settling that question of Divine right for ever, and did this sounding satisfy him, and scare him for ever from the abyss? Or is it possible that Bulstrode—in the retirement of his Wiltshire house, and surrounded by those sixteen idle children to whose society Charles II., forgetful of friend and enemy, had dismissed him—invented this conversation in order to blacken Cromwell, as the manner of the age was. A man who serves first one party, then another, may be admired for his talent, but can never be respected. Like woman's virtue, political character is irretrievable. Perhaps some of those numerous State papers that Bulstrode's wife burnt after his death might have explained away or contradicted this momentary weakness of Cromwell—the true-hearted.

There must have been great walking in St. James's Park in the Queen Anne times, so dear to old students of the “Spectator,” of Pope, Prior, Swift, Arbuthnot, and Gay. The Boscobel oak acorns that Charles II. planted and laughed over with Rochester and Sedley, and Killigrew and Arlington, are gone, the very lines of the Green Walk and the Jacobite Walk (or Duke Humphrey's Walk and the Close Walk) and the Long Lime Walk, are forgotten and scarcely traceable; but there is Duck Island or its successor, that St. Evremond, the wit, was made governor of, as a joke, by that “Merry Monarch” who made so many of his subjects weep. One can still see the Parade where Le Sueur's bronze gladiator stood on its stone pedestal, but it is difficult to imagine the green ditches and mounds that Charles II. had levelled, and the trees he had cut down, and the avenues he made, and the fruit trees he planted, or the bridge that he removed.

But here, Mr. Leigh Hunt's reminiscence of the “Music in the Park” recalls a fine chivalrous legend of the place, which interests us more than that measured tramp or that thrill of the drum. It refers to the stanch fidelity to a fallen cause of old Lord Craven, the supposed lover in early life of James the First's daughter, the exiled Queen of Bohemia, whose great house stood on the site of the Olympic theatre. He it was who was on duty at the palace the day the Dutch troops were marching triumphantly and bloodlessly into the park. The blood of the old soldier of Gustavus—the Dalgetty of a corrupt court—fired up; he would have borne down with half-a-dozen men on these pickle herrings, and died fighting among their swords; but his master forbade him, and he strode away “with sullen dignity.”

But here, too, as we look towards the forsaken palace-court of St. James's—never a lucky home for royalty since the poor leprous sisters were expelled—arise unhappy memories. Here George IV. was born to bless the nation; and here the unlucky Pretender—“a warming-

pan" changeling, as the Whigs said; here Charles I. parted with his children—the swarthy boy who was born here, and his large-nosed brother of York; here Mary died, and Prince Henry, the lad of such promise, who pitied Raleigh. Like other London houses less celebrated, much good and evil has been done in that palace—many heads and many hearts broken—much joy and much sorrow has entered.

And now, before we leave the park, we remember how otherwise it has altered. Being no longer a sanctuary from bailiffs, there are no hollow-cheeked men now gasping about on benches; and if a modern Lady Bradleigh had an enthusiasm to see a great novelist, such as Richardson, she would not ask him for an elaborate "Hue and Cry" description of himself, that she may know him when, on a certain day, the author of "Clarissa" walks in St. James's Park.

But now, with the clash of cymbals in our ears, mingled with the mild lowing of cows, and with a gleam of scarlet and flash of steel in our eyes, we must quit the park, the swamp of the ante-Norman days, the fields outside the lonely isolated leper-house of the fourteen sisters, the Duck Island of St. Evremond, and the walks the swarthy Charles paced, and hie to other legendary scenes, where we may again meet the reader.

The Horse-Guards' clock, with both hands for once united, points to twelve—I must away—I hear a 'bus conductor you cannot hear—I see his tin whistle which you cannot see—and his cry is, "Bank, Bank," which is my way to London Bridge.

IV.

THE REVIVAL IN IRELAND.

BY REV. WM. ARTHUR.

FROM the Giant's Causeway to Belfast a line runs through a country almost exclusively Protestant, with a predominating majority of Presbyterians. About half-way lies Ballymena. It is a sturdy little town, built of dark basalt, noted for a good trade in linen, and an exuberant one in whiskey. The district around it on the

-
1. "The Revival in Ulster; its Moral and Social Results." By BENJAMIN SCOTT, Chamberlain of the City of London.
 2. "The Ulster Revival; and its Physical Accidents." By the Rev. JAMES M'COSH, LL.D.
 3. "The Work and the Counter-Work; or, the Religious Revival in Belfast, with an Explanation of the Physical Phenomena." By EDWARD A. STOPFORD, Archdeacon of Meath.

Belfast side is inhabited by farmers and linen-weavers, the green of the fields being relieved by shining white bleach-fields, and now and then varied by the brown of a bog.

Into one of these parishes, more than two years ago, a young man returned from Ballymena, full of zeal to tell his "kinsmen and neighbours" how a great change had been wrought upon his own heart, and how he longed to see them all partakers of the same blessing. He told a simple tale. He had been zealous for the doctrines in which he was brought up. A lady from England hearing him and some young woman argue about religion, told them her own view, which was that they had never been converted, and consequently were still in the gall of bitterness, and in the bond of iniquity. These words led him to deep thought. Painful, distressing conviction of his need of Christ followed. He earnestly sought acceptance with God. At length the burden which had pressed upon his soul was taken away, and peace filled his heart. So happy was he in his new-found blessedness, that he must make it known among his own people, and he returned home, and began with intense zeal to exhort all to repent, and flee to Christ for salvation.

This was an obscure movement. It was in an obscure parish. The people were dead. After some time three others joined the young man in holding a private prayer-meeting. For three months this went on unknown and unheeded. Then occurred one case of sudden and striking conversion—a person for whom they had earnestly prayed was overwhelmed with awful concern about salvation; and after seeking mercy, was filled with exceeding "peace and joy in believing."

Thus encouraged, the praying band grew bolder and larger. After another month or two fresh cases of equally striking conversion occurred. Each new convert, instead of being a timid and reluctant adherent, was filled with such views of the spiritual world, of the great Saviour, and the dreadful enemy, of the soul's unutterable happiness in Christ, and its misery alienated from him, that he became at once a burning advocate to all around. Their preaching was new in kind, and incessant. It consisted in telling with a wonderfully winning look, with a smile which said into your soul, "Oh, I am so happy! I wish you were"—telling how the Spirit of God had awakened themselves, and how in their need and darkness the cross, and He who hung there suffering, had come before their view with supernatural power, as if light from God had shone upon it. People seemed to be meeting Bunyan's Pilgrim in their own neighbours, and they pondered, and soon began to pray.

There had been one prayer-meeting in the parish in a week. One old man and one old woman were sometimes all of whom it consisted. Now, in house after house neighbours met to pray. Thirty places and one hundred meetings in the week were soon reported. The public-houses declined in proportion. One was closed, because the grace of God had found out the keeper. Another followed from

the same reason. Another was turned into a place for prayer-meetings. The reeling drunkard was no longer to be seen, nor the brawling blasphemer to be heard. Pauperism began to abate, and committals to be rare. The daily news of the parish was of the conversion of the young and the old. Its family strifes were now in houses where children, who had found mercy, were "wrestling" in prayer for parents still unchanged, or parents who had first been "brought in" were spending whole nights in supplicating the Lord that He would convert their offspring. Steadily, warmly, but quietly this work went on, till after two years, in the parish of Connor, the birthplace of the Ulster revival, three public-houses had been closed, the number of paupers reduced from twenty-seven to four, and the committals from thirty-seven to four, while the manners of the people, the relations of families, and all social interests had improved in a way not only surprising, but to the people themselves all but incredible. They could hardly believe that it was the same people living in the same place; for a new spirit, something from heaven, seemed to have passed over and changed all things.

A young man told one of his comrades how anxious he was that his mother, who lived a few miles away, at Aboghill, should be converted, and engaged him to unite with him in praying for her. After a time he went home to see the result—had an answer been granted to their prayers or not? His mother met him with a beaming face. She told him how, lately, a deep horror had fallen upon her, which she could not escape night or day. It was as though the hand of God was pressing down every sin of her life upon her conscience. In fear and grief she fled for refuge to the Saviour of sinners, and her penitent sorrow had been turned into a strange and heavenly joy. Jesus now seemed to her unspeakably good and fair, loving her, forgiving her, and filling her soul with peace and hope.

No sooner had the youth rejoiced over this proof that prayer "could be answered at a distance," than he asked, "Where is my brother James?" The answer was, "At the cock-fight." Thither he went, and found his brother surrounded by such company as frequents such places. Seizing him by the arm, he said, "Come away, I have a message for you from the Lord Jesus." Instead of this sounding as if only a piece of meddling, it fell upon the ear of the brother as if it were really a message from the other world. Cowed and serious, he went away. The same wonderful awakening of conscience which others had felt visited him, and whether he or the mother, we are not sure, but one of the two was the first case of bodily prostration attending upon religious anxiety.

Now began a new stage in the revival. Hitherto it had been quiet and gradual; henceforth it became one succession of wonders. The new district into which it had travelled was noted for rioting, intoxication, and bad language. Whole masses of the people now seemed to be seized with overwhelming fears of a spiritual danger. In meetings they sobbed aloud, they cried, they fell down as if

invisible swords were piercing them. On the open streets, in showers of rain, in fields, and by roadsides, they would listen, as if for their lives, to anyone who would point them to Him who taketh away the sin of the world; and every word however familiar, however simple, appeared to be armed with supernatural forces, and to carry with it momentous effects. No great orators, no new doctrines, no fresh schemes came into play. But ordinary men, saying commonplace things on the staple truths of the Bible, seemed to themselves as if they never before had seen what those things really imported, while upon the conscience of the people sayings wont to fall as quietly as blossoms from an orchard wafted over rocks, now came as though they were hammers breaking the rock in pieces.

The bodily affections startled the good men. What was it? Sometimes a person, man or woman, boy or girl, indifferently, after being under concern about their souls for some time, suddenly fell into a condition of physical prostration, unlike what had been seen by any of them before. The limbs were feeble; the voluntary nerves and muscles would not act; perhaps the eyes were closed, and the tongue almost paralysed; and all the energy, mental and bodily, which was left, seemed concentrated on the one effort to "seek the Lord while He may be found." In other cases, a person who had not felt at all anxious on religious matters, suddenly became sensible of something strange, as if his frame were about to sink into this condition. He would rise, or walk, or take other means of averting the stroke, but after a while down went his system, crushed by a weight he could not account for, but which something within invariably interpreted to be, the call of God to forsake his sins. In other cases actual prostration did not occur, and yet such feebleness followed mental anguish as seemed to the bystanders, when it was in the case of strong men and hardy youths, to be altogether beyond the course of nature. In yet another set of cases, persons who had shown no religious dispositions whatever, and who afterwards asserted that they had felt no pressure on their conscience, were "struck down" like a shot.

One youth had taken pleasure in railing at the people in Aboghill, and with vile language making sport of their fears, and their meetings. One day he was standing before the meeting-house so engaged, when, in an instant, down he fell, as if a ball had crashed through his brain. They ran to him, and at first thought he was dead. Life soon showed itself, and with it, a wounded conscience. He felt as if he was on the edge of hell, and writhed and roared in a manner that made every careless man looking on feel as if the hand that writes the record of all sins was actually stretched out from within the veil to warn them. He too, as others, "found mercy," and, by a new and good life, became a "monument of grace" in the eyes of all his neighbours.

The cases of prostration, it is to be remarked, began not in a town, but in a country parish; not among nervous girls in factories, but among as hardy rustics as the British Isles can rear. They occurred

in solitude and in meetings—in houses, fields, lanes, and on roadsides—at morning, mid-day, or night; among both sexes, persons of every temperament, and in all employments. But cases among persons of the middle classes were rare, and among persons of high education scarcely any took place.

In the case of not a few of those who seemed totally prostrate, the moment that peace broke in upon the mind, the body sprang up in all its energies, the face shining, and the voice triumphantly adoring God the Saviour. Were these the passing expressions of the moment, as of a transition from the paroxysm of hysteria to its joyous excitement? For weeks and months after, the countenance would touch the heart of a stranger with its pure and lovely light, and the voice, so quietly, so tenderly impassioned, would seem to chide one's coldness, as it uttered familiar words of praise in tones that had a touch of unearthly power.

In other cases, the physical weakness continued long after the conscience had rest, and in some, where there had been no actual prostration, and where feebleness did not appear to set in so long as the mind was in distressing anxiety, after this had passed away the frame remained unstrung for days.

Perhaps there was no set of men to whom the idea of anything fanatical or extravagant would have been more odious than the Presbyterian ministers of Ulster. Practised in discussion by life-long habit, fighting Unitarianism hand to hand, with a supreme contempt for all Popish superstition, and a great dread of excitement, they would, beforehand, have taken strong ground against any revival attended with such incidents as we have now alluded to. On their appearance, therefore, we can well imagine that the first feeling was one of perplexity and fear. But it was a different thing being in the midst of it, and hearing of it from a distance. In the latter case it would seem as if the physical affections were the main matter, whereas, on the spot, they were but an incident connected with a wonderful moral transformation, the progress of which, in individual renewal and in general reform, was so full of joy, and surprise, and exultation, that real actors in the scene had no time to be concerned about what people would say, and were too glad, too full of holy triumph to heed some unaccountable circumstances. A gentleman in London has lately said, "On returning from the scenes of the Revival, full of the glorious things I had witnessed, the perpetual questions about the physical affections seemed to be as little and as idle as if I had been recounting to them a wonderful victory, and they constantly stopped me with earnest inquiries about the uniforms of the officers."

Yet these affections did arise: and how did the good men of Ulster get over them? They had no clear explanation to give. Some thought one thing, some another; but in this all agreed, be they what they may, and where they may, amid them was going on such a religious and moral change as neither they nor their fathers had ever beheld. The drunkard sober, the swearer reverent,

the divided family at one, the churl liberal, the sensualist pure, the revengeful forgiving, the party man large-hearted, the bitter charitable, and the proud simple as a child ! These were changes which passed before their eyes, amid prayers, and songs of thanksgiving, and wonderful assemblies, and newly-reared family altars, and "seasons of refreshing," so hallowed that, in the joy of worship upon earth, it seemed as if heaven had come down. It was Pentecost repeated ; and amid all the happy signs of the working of God's Spirit, the sure and certain signs of sinners turned into saints, good men went on, leaving the Providence which had sent or permitted the physical affections, to explain them, or leave them unexplained, so long as the land was renewed in righteousness.

In a few short months what a change passed on that parish of Aboghill ! A policeman in Belfast, speaking of what it had been, said, "It was the worst wee place in the world ;" and on the day of a funeral they always counted on having the lock-up full, there was so much drinking and consequent boxing. After a few months, a gentleman, writing to the *Ballymena Observer*, says that he took his stand in a district noted for irreligion and riotousness, and that from his own knowledge he could assert that within a mile of the spot where he stood there was not a house but had become sanctified by a family altar.

One Saturday, as the market folks were crowding Galgorm-street in Ballymena, a strong man's voice rose from the ground in cries of urgent woe. It was a countryman, about thirty years of age, from the neighbourhood of Aboghill. The cry was such as strong men hardly ever utter, loud and despairing, "as if under the stabs of an assassin." For ten minutes that cry sounded through the market, making the people flock to know the cause. It was a man visited with such a view of "things unseen" that he cared not for all the men in the universe, standing, as he did, directly under the eye of an offended God. When his first agony had subsided, he was assisted to the house of a relative—now and then, as he went along, crying, "Unclean, unclean, Lord be merciful to me a sinner."

Soon the town was visited with a similar influence to that which had rested on the country parishes. The decent church-goers became in hundreds humble and earnest penitents ; and prayer and penitential cries became frequent in streets where church-goers would seldom venture. Ministers of every denomination, and all persons known as men of prayer, were as much in request as surgeons on the night after a terrible battle. Called into one house to pray with persons under conviction, they would be pressed to a dozen other houses before they could leave the neighbourhood. But their helpers multiplied even more wonderfully than the calls upon them. Of all the affecting things, the most so was to see those who had lately been cold as stones in religious matters glowing like molten gold. And the prodigal was there, just brought home, and telling with artless and impassioned wonder of his own folly and wretchedness, and of his Father's amazing and unexpected love, of the rich

reception, and the joy—the strange, secure, up-soaring joy—of sitting in the circle of the family of God. And Magdalene was there, with many tears, at the Master's feet, weeping and washing them, and loving much. And all these not only talked of "what God had done for their souls," but, when their neighbours were under conviction, they poured out for them prayers of incredible force and beauty. Who had taught them? Whence had they this utterance, seeing they had never learned? This question was settled at once in the minds of the populace—their neighbours never could have prayed like that if God had not taught them.

"Sure it must be the work of the Almighty," said a car-driver in Belfast, "for out at Drumrod I heard a woman, just a plain country woman, pray such a prayer as I never heard come out of the mouth of a Christian in this world, aye, above all the clergy and learned men I ever heard in the whole of my life." Another car-driver, a Roman Catholic, trying to account for the Revival, without considering it the work of God, said, "But there is one thing in this I can't get over, it does beat me; that is when I see wee lumps of boys and girls, just like them in the street, able to make prayers in Scripture language, aye, like any minister ever was; that does beat me." No man will ever tell to what an extent the popular conviction that a Divine power was operating among the people, was due to the effect produced upon them by the gift of prayer shed down upon the new converts. They did not speak in unknown tongues, or in foreign tongues, but they did speak with other tongues.

In Ballymena, at the last quarter sessions, instead of a long list of offenders only four cases stood for trial. The clerk of the petty sessions says that the consumption of spirits is not half what it was a year ago, and that the private quarrels have diminished 50 per cent.

After a town so well known as Ballymena had come so suddenly, and with such notable moral effect, under the influence of the Revival, the attention, not only of the religious public, but of the whole community became fixed upon the movement. It became the one subject for the newspapers; and for once they were gazettes of the kingdom of grace, proclaiming its conquests, and setting forth in oft-repeated examples the great work, of repentance from dead works and faith toward God. The way-side chat, the talk in shops, the conversation in railway carriages, was ever on the wonderful conversions. Unitarians and Roman Catholics alone said a word against the movement. Wicked and worldly men generally seemed under some internal restraint, a kind of awe, as if they too might be "struck down," and become a spectacle to many, seemed to prevent them from mocking. In the meanwhile, the area of the Revival extended like that of an advancing wind. At a distance people listened for its approach, the devout with eyes up to heaven, the curious with interest, and the wicked with mingled fear and wonder. On all places near at hand it seemed to burst with simultaneous power.

Coleraine soon became the theatre of events yet more striking than any other place. Day and night the town seemed rife with penitent sinners, bringing forth fruits meet for repentance. Jonah might have made his proclamation, for high and low, all had heard, and most had heeded, a direct call to "repent and believe the gospel." An entire school of children, during their ordinary exercises, fell down simultaneously upon their knees, and sent up a cry for forgiveness. The people from the whole neighbourhood, touched by that cry, rushed in, filled the premises—very spacious ones—and continued all day long, and till eleven o'clock at night, in ceaseless and importunate prayer. And often prayer was turned to praise. Persons lately mourning, as if the words of the prophet had come to pass, "as one mourneth for his only son," had their mourning turned into joy; and with voices that made the hearts of the happy leap, and those of the burdened heave with a new sense of their own wretchedness, they adored and magnified the God of their salvation.

A new town-hall had been erected, and was to be opened by a ball; but one night, room must be found for the weary and the heavy-laden to seek rest for their souls. The new hall was thrown open, not to the sound of the dance, but to the sighing of the contrite, and the cry of those who said, "Lord, save, or I perish." The editor of the *Coleraine Chronicle* could not find words to describe the scene. Dr. Carson, a physician of high standing, says, "It was so like the day of judgment, when sinners will be calling on the mountains and the rocks to hide them from the storm of God's wrath, that it struck terror to the heart of the most hardened and obdurate." For six long hours the editor watched one mother seated in a niche of that hall. On her lap lay the head of a young man, her son—her prodigal son. He was prostrate now, his great limbs weaker than an infant's, and his soul crushed with that burden under which the well-knit frame of David stooped: "My bones waxed old, because of my roaring; for day and night Thy hand was heavy upon me." Friends and fellow-watchers became worn out, and went away; but the mother stayed with her repenting son. As the morning began to draw nigh he was enabled to look to the cross; and, like Bunyan's burden, his fell off, his face grew bright, his strength returned, he rose up blessing the Redeemer who had sought and found him, and went home with his mother, "rejoicing that even such a sinner as he could be received by the Lamb of God."

The head of the police in Coleraine states that offences connected with drunkenness were formerly from twelve to twenty in the fortnight, and that now they are from three to four, while profane swearing and indecent language are now not to be heard in the streets. Mr. Benjamin Scott, Chamberlain of London, whose pamphlet is a repertory of authenticated facts, learned that, as to the unhappy creatures who infest the streets, one-half of them were now in an asylum, and of the other half some had been restored to

their friends, and some had disappeared, so that the streets were entirely purged. Mr. Chichester, curate of the neighbouring parish of Portrush, alluding to the opinion that it is an epidemic, says, "I do not remember that the results of an epidemic have hitherto been those of faith in Christ, peace with God, joy in the Holy Ghost, love to the great Head, love to every member of His body, earnest desire and most self-denying exertions to bring others into the same membership—to save them, as they express it, from the burning lake. Do epidemics make drunken men sober? blasphemers men of prayer? thieves honest? vindictive men patient and forgiving? Do they make the maid to forget her ornaments, and the bride her attire, and to put on the adorning of a meek and quiet spirit? Is it, in short, the usual result of epidemics to bring men, women, and children from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God? If so, let us henceforth rejoice in the prevalence of epidemics. Yea, let special prayers be introduced into our public services that we may long experience this happy atmospheric pestilence."

Londonderry, the historical city of Ulster—Armagh, its ecclesiastical capital—and Belfast, its commercial and educational metropolis—all came under the influence of the great awakening. The smaller towns and the country districts over whole counties shared in it. Everywhere the features were the same. Deep convictions, manifested by agonising prayers, and followed by joyful faith in the atoning Lamb; in all, by a notable reformation of life; and in a proportion, sometimes lower, sometimes higher, of physical prostrations. In Belfast, in the lovely evenings of the northern summer, you could not walk far without seeing crowds passing to places of worship with their Bibles. Here and there a group around a minister or layman would listen, in the open air, with silent and pensive intensity, to a very ordinary exhortation. Seldom was anything said that was not as commonplace as may be; but ordinary men were endued with an extraordinary power. Much is said about appeals to fear of hell being the staple of Revival preaching. So far as our own observation extends, this is not correct. Men seemed more concerned to set forth the power of Christ to save, the freeness of God's absolution, the efficacy of simple faith, and the all-sufficiency of Divine grace, than to rouse the sleepy, or to break down the stubborn. The spirit of awakening was upon the people; and words of warning, wont to pass over as the familiar voice of a tolling knell, now seemed to ring upon men's souls, as if angels were blowing their preparatory notes on the trumpets of the last day. But it is not by way of conciliating those who object to telling men, as if you believed it, that God is angry with the wicked every day, that we note this. It is simply as stating a fact. All those who preach as Christ, or his great forerunner, or his apostles preached must tell men of woes as well as of beatitudes, of God's punishment of the impenitent, as well as of his mercy to the believer.

Early in the month of July, one forenoon, the streets of Belfast

were covered by a steady stream of men and women. From all parts of the town, from all ranks and denominations, they poured steadily southward. The railway trains poured thousands into the animated streets, who swelled the tide. We have witnessed many a crowd in cities of different climes, but never one like that. At the north end of the town we drove past them—on, on, still and tranquil; but on! What are they going to see? They are going to pray. After a short detour, again in the centre of the town we come upon the stream, on, on, steady, silent, but intense—on! they are going to pray. Another turn, and there is the high road to the meeting gained. The stream is thicker, moves faster, vehicles divide it; but on, as we never saw crowd before, so composed, so peaceful looking; and as you near the ground, yet thicker, and with a quickening impulse, on roll the thousands, on to united prayer! The man who would have driven past that crowd without some tears glistening in the glorious July light, would have been a poor man. How many thousands gathered that day in those beautiful botanical gardens we could not tell. It was said thirty; all we know is, that we had never seen such a multitude assembled for any religious purpose. And it was to pray, only to pray, and to pray in union—men of all names who “hold the Head,” uniting and rejoicing together in the wonderful change which had passed on so large a portion of the population.

For several hours the unwearied multitude, broken up into a number of separate groups, each being a large open-air congregation, sent up one ceaseless strain of worship to the overspreading sky. Now and then amid a crowd a voice would utter a cry, sometimes a faint short scream, sometimes a loud and continued wail. The crowd would part, some persons would quietly convey away the person “stricken,” and laying him or her down under a tree, they would devote themselves to pray with and comfort them.

To call this immense concourse together, no means had been resorted to, but the simple announcement of a united prayer-meeting; no popular name, no programme of interesting proceedings, no stimulus to curiosity. The grandeur and novelty attending it lay only in the idea of an assembly in a busy town, in full mid-day, for prayer—in a town notorious for controversy—an assembly for union. In the prevalent state of mind such ideas had more power over the people than all the charms of oratory, than all the excitement of debate. The great feature of the Ulster, as the American Revival, has been prayer, prayer, prayer, above all, united prayer.

As to the further history of the Revival, we need not trace it. In Belfast its features were the same as elsewhere; and two or three facts will suffice to illustrate its public influence. At the last Quarter Session the number of cases for trial was just half of what it had been a year before. Mr. Ranyard, a gentleman from London* visiting the jail, was struck to find only 16 Presbyterian

* See Mr. Benjamin Scott's pamphlet.

prisoners out of 180. Two-thirds of the population of the county being Protestants, he inquired of the turnkey what proportion of Protestants and Roman Catholics? "Generally about as many of one sort as of another, but at present scarcely any Protestants; here is the list for this morning—six committals, and only one is a Protestant." The great distillery of Mackenzie, capable of producing 1,200,000 gallons of whiskey yearly, is advertised to be sold or let. And the committee of the Ulster Penitentiary appeal to the public, saying that hitherto their regret has been want of inmates, now it is want of means to receive applicants.

The movement and its effects, as indicated in the few places we have named, were reproduced, with differing details, but substantial identity, all over the range of the Protestant counties. Lisburn and Portadown, Banbridge and Newry, were scenes of remarkable events, and away thence westward into Tyrone, Monaghan, and Cavan; and along the hills of Donegal passed the reviving breath, carrying life and power wherever it came. No revival of similar extent in the British Isles is on record, unless it be the one now spreading over Wales. We shall make no attempt to estimate the numbers who have been led to begin a new life. We have not the means of correct information, and disbelieve in the usefulness of guesses. The numbers are large, very large, yet they are a small proportion of the whole population. Persons from a distance seem to expect that everybody was converted; so wonderful do "thousands" sound when applied to the kingdom of God, though we can quietly hear of millions, and take correct impressions from the statement, when it refers to human movements. The maladroit, though clever correspondent whom the *Times* sent over, but soon recalled (as it would seem), reasoned thus: "They say Belfast is improved; the police court shows more committals than for a similar population in London—*ergo*, it cannot have improved." This is exactly the reasoning of a Parisian, who would say, "They tell me that the Smoke Consumption Act has improved the atmosphere of London, but it cannot be so, for it is much more smoky still than that of Paris." Not only is the number of real converts large, and the change in their lives conspicuous, but also upon those who remain without a decided religious change, a wonderful influence has been exerted. Bad men have been awed; morality has appeared before them embodied in thousands of new lives. Things that seemed but pulpit flowers or Bible puzzles have come out before their eyes, translated into common-life, moving, breathing, and having a being in the hearts, the countenances, and the all-eloquent acts of their comrades and their closest kindred. Godly sorrow—joy and peace in believing—the love of God shed abroad in the heart—the spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father—the peace of God which passeth all understanding—hope full of immortality—the spirit of prayer, watchfulness, and forgiving charity—the love that leads a man to spend and be spent, if by any means he may save some—the strong consolation which enables to glory in tribulation, and even in death

to rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory :—these, and holy things like them, which hitherto had been names for doubtful realities, had now come before their eyes in clear and oft-repeated instances. They had seen it—that wonderful change. The bad had become good, the Ethiopian had changed his skin, the leopard his spots, the image of God—the mind of Christ—had appeared in their own flesh and blood, the words of the Bible meant real things. There was a new birth ; prayer was a power ; an unseen hand moved at the trustful cry of creatures here below.

Faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen. Hence, we learn what is unbelief—that state of mind in which things hoped for seem baseless, things unseen unreal, in which they are distant, shadowy, needing cumulative proofs from all quarters. When the hand of the Almighty lifts up the veil which hangs between us and that outer and wider world, how instantly its objects and beings carry into the soul an impression that they indeed are substantial, based and built up, and manifested for everlasting stability—that they have weight, and force, and truth, and value unspeakable, so that, in view of them, things seen, though real and weighty too, are but as an infant's tear compared with the mighty sea. It was this evidence of things not seen that made men so different, words so different, texts, and hymns, and psalms so different. Heaven and Hell were no longer doctrines, but worlds, out of reach, and to be seen only as in a dim reflection ; but what a difference between the impression of the dimmest reflection, and that of a mere name ! The Saviour and the Destroyer were no longer names, but beings—the one near to deliver, the other ready to devour ; and, with all the emotions of real presence, the souls of men recoiled from the one, and fled for refuge to the other. Of all real beings none seemed so real, so near, so constant, as He whose presence carried with it reconciliation to God, and deliverance from the adversary—a name no more, but a Being, the head, and glory, and centre of all beings. Jesus was adored ! It must have been witnessing just such feelings towards the Master whom he had *seen*, and whose look and person he could never separate from His own affection towards him, which led Peter to say : “ Whom not having seen, ye love ; in whom, though now ye see Him not, yet believing, ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory, receiving the end of your faith, even the salvation of your souls ! ”

For many years past Ulster has been in the process of preparation for a great revival of religion. Half a century ago, its churches were dead, its morals low, and its doctrinal position dubious. The chief difference between the clergy of the Established and the Presbyterian Churches lay in this, that the former were richer, and the latter less loyal. By degrees, rationalism, which always comes in as the natural mildew of decaying churches, took a bolder form among the Presbyterians ; but then arose Henry Cooke and Robert Stewart, two names that will never pass from the annals of Ulster. They contended against odds, but after great battles

came a great victory. From that time the Presbyterian churches have steadily advanced. Life and light have spread, and many faithful, devoted men have been labouring to raise up true and spiritual churches. A similar progress had been taking place in the Established Church. The smaller bodies had done the work of arousing these great ones, and provoking them to jealousy. For some years past, most parts of the province have enjoyed the benefit of sound Christian teaching and the great truths of the Gospel, those which convert the soul were increasingly known and valued. Still, the moral condition of the people was low, the number of true believers lamentably small. The news of the American Revival affected good men deeply; they joined in earnest prayer for a similar visitation; and in the parish where the Revival began, attention had specially and earnestly been directed to the point. When once it began to be known what was being done in Connor and Aboghill, each devout man seemed at once to set himself earnestly to pray that his own neighbourhood might be equally blessed; and every day or week that passed over without any manifest answer to these prayers, increased both the tidings of good things granted to other places, and the desire to see them at hand.

The *Westminster Review*, in setting forth the conditions under which a religious Revival may be procured, mentions ignorance as the first. If so, Ulster was the last part of Ireland, and behind most parts of England in eligibility; for the efficient national schools connected with the Presbyterian body have greatly raised the standard of popular education. If so, all bodies that take an interest in Revivals are so ignorant of the true way to promote them, that they are zealously educating right and left. The people of Ulster are hard-headed, practical, and controversial, a mixture of the Scotch and English races, with a vein of Irish humour in them, and an underlying ardour when fairly roused. If those who think them so easily beguiled will go and try their own doctrines upon them, we suspect they will wonder how well they are armed with reasons, and how firmly they will stand by the old ways.

As to the physical affections, we do not care to say much. There are opinions to no end; especially at a distance and far away, explanations seem fluent and good. But on the spot, face to face with facts, men are less able to finish their theory. In temperament the people are cold. By immemorial habit their religious assemblies are grave and heavy. The Revival had profoundly moved one parish for a year and a half before the affections appeared—a fact which militates against the popular opinion that it could not have had equal force and general impressiveness without some such external sign. The affections arose in a country district, and prevailed far and wide, before they reached a great town, with crowded factories, which readers of Archdeacon Stopford's pamphlet might take to be the only theatre of them. After their appearance the spread of the Revival, before very slow, became rapid as advancing flame; a fact which seems to favour those, who, like Dr. Carson, think it could

not have advanced with equal rapidity by other means. But this conclusion is not confirmed by the example of either the American Revival, or of that in Wales, both of which have had a most rapid extension without physical affections. To this the reply is, in America and Wales the people knew Revivals, and were ready to welcome them as a spiritual power; in Ulster, as formerly in those countries, the people were averse to them, or ignorant of them, and Providence was pleased to send a special call and signal.

Dr. Carson, of Coleraine, appears to have disposed of the assertion that the affections were hysteria. Many cases of hysteria no doubt occurred; but they were not the characteristic cases of the Revival, and but a fraction of the whole. The great bulk of the cases had not the ball in the throat, or the alternate excitement of laugh and cry, or the twitching of the extremities. The mind was clear, the voluntary muscles without power, and the whole aspect non-hysterical. Then the most open fields, the healthiest villages were the scenes of these affections; as many men and boys as women were the subjects; and nearly all who experienced them, out of the large towns, were sturdy country people, who labour for their bread—people among whom hysteria is as rare for a disease as champagne for a beverage.

The first cases in new neighbourhoods were often in solitude—one was a strong young man, walking down the pathway from his master's door. Could this be a case of sympathy? The difficulty of so accounting for it is very great.

Dr. M'Cosh has written with more metaphysical care and skill than any one else on the subject, and presents the explanation which is most natural and simple—that the bodily prostration is the effect of a mental emotion so intense as to affect the whole frame. He illustrates it by women falling into convulsions on seeing their children shipwrecked, or hearing that their husbands have been drowned at sea. It is, however, certain that this explanation does not satisfy most of those who have practically had a great deal to do with such cases. Dr. Carson, a physician, contends that the affections are not those which, on physiological grounds, would result from emotion. And, according to the testimony of some, not a few of those who were struck, their first concern about their souls arose when they felt their bodies sinking under a mysterious hand, just as would be the case with a person at sea, who suddenly feels himself falling overboard, and cries, "God have mercy on my soul." According to the one view, Providence smote the frame, and the soul, feeling a supernatural hand laid upon the body, awoke in alarm, and cried for mercy. According to the other, an alarm was sounded within the soul; and so stunning was the stroke of the invisible bell, that the nerves were shattered.

The essential point is—Have men been turned from sin to love and follow their Redeemer? Have families been blessed, and neighbourhoods been changed, and feuds been healed, and cold hearts warmed, and sick beds cheered with new friends and with immortal

hopes, and souls departing been enabled to go down to the grave as men go up to a throne, and living men in their every-day dress been enabled to rise above their every-day sins, and to become messengers of grace and wisdom to their comrades? Have these things come to pass? And that over a wide extent of country? And that in my day?

Then let me bless my Maker that I live in such a day, and let me go to His throne of grace, and with importunate prayer "give Him no rest," till upon me and my neighbours the same spirit is poured out from on high, and the same wonders wrought. Even the *Westminster Review* lays down earnest and united prayer for the salvation of souls, as one of the conditions necessary to obtain a Revival. Among the unfair things it says, one is perfectly fair—that if Christians really believed, instead of believing that they believe, Revivals would not be an occasional phenomenon in the Christian church, but its normal condition.

V.

In Memoriam.

JOHN ANGELL JAMES.

DR. CAMPBELL'S "Review," which has just come into our hands, "will be found," as he says, "to trench in no degree on the forth-

1. "John Angell James; A Review of his History, Character, Eloquence, and Literary Labours, with Dissertations on the Pulpit and the Press, Academic Preaching, College Reform," &c. By JOHN CAMPBELL, D.D. London: J. Snow. 1860.
2. "The Funeral Services occasioned by the Death of the late Rev. John Angell James, of Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham: including the Funeral Sermon delivered in Carr's Lane Chapel on Sunday Morning, October 9th, 1859, and the Oration at the Interment, October 7th, 1859." By the Rev. R. W. DALE, M.A., his Colleague and Successor. Birmingham: Hudson. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1859.
3. "Dying Pastors and the Undying Priest; a Sermon Preached in St. Martin's Church, Birmingham, on Sunday Evening, October 9th, 1859, being the Sunday after the Funeral of the Rev. J. A. James." By the Rev. J. C. MILLER, D.D., Honorary Canon of Worcester, Rector of St. Martin's, Chaplain to Lord Calthorpe. Birmingham: Willey. London: Stevenson. 1859.
4. "A Tribute of Grateful Love to the Memory of the late Rev J. A. James, with an Estimate of his Character and Influence." By the Rev. W. GUEST, of Leeds. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. Leeds: Slade. 1859.
5. "The Faithful Servant: his Life and his Lessons. A Tribute to the Memory of John Angell James."—By WILLIAM LANDELS, Minister of Regent's Park Chapel. London: Nisbet and Co. 1859.
6. "The Chariots of Israel and the Horsemen Thereof. A Sermon by the Rev. ALEX. RALEIGH, Preached in Hare Court Chapel, Canonbury, on Sunday Evening, October 9th, 1859, on the Occasion of the Death of the Rev. J. A. James." London: Snow. 1859.

coming Life of Angell James, from the pen of his gifted successor;" and he modestly asks no more than "to be allowed to claim for it the honour of an humble harbinger." As a whet, it will be welcome to many, including some who will not perhaps quite sympathise with all the writer's views on Academic Reform and other high matters, of which possibly they will think he treats in too off-hand, not to say flippant, a style. For ourselves, we deem an all-sided discussion of such questions highly desirable; and we are not sorry to see him coming forward as the mouth-piece of opinions very widely entertained as to the shortcomings of our Collegiate system in relation to what ought to be its grand aim, viz., a thorough Theological training, practical as well as scientific. We would not have less Humanity provided; but we quite agree with him that Divinity should be studied more, and should be fully re-instated in her royal rights as Queen of the Sacred Grove. We must not, however, suffer ourselves to be allured from our present purpose into a criticism on the volume. We simply take occasion, from its appearance, to indulge in an act of piety, not insincere if too long delayed, to the memory of the "Prince and great man in Israel" who is its subject. Worthily have hundreds of pulpits, belonging to all bodies of Evangelical Christians, already echoed with his praise since those early October days when the electric wires conveyed the shock which announced his death. Some of these obituary tributes have been rendered permanent by the help of the press. Of the printed Funeral Discourses which have come under our notice, we may particularly specify those of Canon Miller and Mr. Landels as marked by other excellencies of head and heart besides the catholic spirit which elevates, and the glow of personal affection which intensifies their tone. In the latter respect they are hardly surpassed by Mr. Guest's, or even by Mr. Dale's, with his unique sorrow, as smarting under the loss of such an elder colleague in the Gospel. None, too, but careless readers can help seeing the tears of individual friendship glistening behind the glorious rainbow which, in Mr. Raleigh's magnificent sermon, spans the fresh grave of the fallen spiritual hero. Even those who are not aware with what genial delight Mr. James, some years ago, looked forward to the prospect of welcoming Mr. Raleigh as pastor of a sister church in Birmingham, may here trace in the undertone of chastened private grief the influence of the fellowship then cemented between two kindred souls. Hope, however, is the predominant feeling in this masterly public improvement of the bereavement, as it should be in every Christian *requiem*. Mr. Raleigh rejects the broken column as a monument unsuitable to the dead in Christ, and deems child-like trust in the boundless love and infinite resources of the Great Head of the Church a better way of glorifying the grace of God in illustrious departed saints than any despondent limiting of the Holy One of Israel, such as is implied in the too common question, *Quando ullum inveniemus parem?* We cannot resist the temptation to transcribe from this eminently Christian discourse the following fine passage,

which soars so buoyantly on the wings of faith that it may possibly startle some of our readers :—

“We are deeply sensible of the loss ; we mourn over so much departed worth ; we feel the vacancy caused by the retirement, and, conscious of our personal insufficiencies, we pray for a double portion of the spirit of our glorified friend. May we not venture humbly to regard such feelings as tokens for good and beginnings of new strength ? And if any in despondency should say, ‘Where is the Lord God of Elijah ?’ May we not answer, ‘He is here, speaking in the prayers of survivors, working their sorrows to an aftercourse of joy, and girding them with secret strength for the toils and conflicts of the coming days.’

“None among them will be *exactly like* the venerated dead, nor is it necessary that they should be. That wonder-working Being who makes not any two blades of grass in the field, nor any two leaves in the forest, exactly alike, never mechanically repeats a human life. Every plant of ‘His right hand of planting’ has liberty to grow. From the influence of His resources He works new wonders in every age. In the womb of the future there lie types of character and forms of strength probably altogether different from any which have yet had the embodiment of life. Let not any, then, among the sons of the prophets mimic the thunder of Elijah, nor attempt to speak to the priests of Baal with his taunting voice of scorn, nor gird up their loins for a race with Ahab’s chariot from Carmel to Jezreel. Let each speak in his own voice, use his own gifts, and, in the strength of grace, achieve and realise the Divine possibilities of his own life, and then we shall have ample and blessed compensation for what we have lost—compensation in which none will rejoice on earth half so much as *they* who have just been parted from us, and carried up into heaven. They had from their seats to watch the effects of their removal. Angel-like, now they ‘desire to look into these things ;’ and even their perfect joy will receive new thrills of rapture as they see multitudes pressing forward to seize the falling standards, and to occupy and enlarge the fields of glorious toil and strife where they fought and fell. On the life of each one of His faithful servants the Saviour writes, ‘It is finished.’ The inscription is clearest on the noblest and best. There was no rehearsal, and there can be no repetition. Failure and disappointment must attend every attempt to recast the broken mould, or to relieve those grand forms of usefulness through which the spirits of our fathers lightened and spoke: We say it with reverence, but we are not called to a mere *imitation* of even the life of Christ. With deep significance the Apostle says, ‘Let the same *mind* be in you which was also in Christ Jesus.’ The great Builder has His plastic hand now on the mould of your individual life. If you feel the touch, and yield to the creative freshening influence, He will make the mould both fair and firm, and will endow it with organs and forms exactly suited to your individual need. He will give you a tongue to the time, an eye to the new scenes that are arising, and a firm

hand that will not drop the sword in conflict, nor loose itself from the plough in toil. Are you willing? Are you ready? Breathe you forth this day, through the cloud of sorrow and bereavement that has gathered over us, the prayer of Elisha for a 'double portion of the *spirit*' of our ascended friend to rest on pastors and people who mourn his loss? If so, then 'the God of all comfort' is making us rich amends, and proving to us that we are 'not straitened in Him.'"

Happy shall we deem ourselves if, in placing upon record our high estimate of the private and public worth of John Angell James, we can but catch something of the high-souled Christianity which breathes in these eloquent and suggestive words. They lift us at once to the right stand-point. To refer Christian excellence to its root in God, is to be put upon our guard against confounding the weed with the flower, at the same time that we are solemnly warned against enviously depreciating the Divine husbandry. It invests character with a halo of sacredness very different from that thrown around it by a purblind admiration. It reminds us that the image and superscription may be as mischievously shattered by the attempt to substitute gold for the clay on which they are impressed, as by defacing the lineaments and legend of the king. The Spirit working from without by Providence, and from within upon the heart, has fashioned a wondrous whole, upon which at death He sets His inviolable seal. The works of the Heavenly Artist we have simply to study, not to mend, any more than we may mar them. For to mend is to mar them. Flattery and detraction are alike rebuked as sacrilegious tampering with the true features of the "human face divine," portrayed by no mortal pencil. Indiscriminate eulogy by elevating blemishes to the level of the graces, no less effectually dims the lustre of these latter, than the slime voided by moroseness and malignity. The crowds of thoughtless adulators, no less surely than the stealthy assassins of honourable reputations, incur by their profane intermeddling His displeasure who says, "Touch not Mine anointed, and do My prophets no harm."

JOHN ANGELL JAMES was a native of the West country, having been born on the 6th of June, 1785, at Blandford-Forum, in Dorsetshire—the birthplace of several eminent persons. Amongst them we find a Primate of England and a Primate of Ireland, both born there within three years of each other—about the middle of the seventeenth century. The one was Archbishop Wake, of Canterbury, the well-known translator of the writings of the Apostolical Fathers. At his death, he bequeathed £1,000 to the town for the erection of a charity school, and for other benevolent purposes. The other, Dr. Thomas Lindsay, was some time chaplain to Henry Lord Capel, one of the Lords Justices of Ireland, and died Archbishop of Armagh, aged seventy, in the year 1724, eight years after his fellow-townsmen had been raised to the highest dignity in the English Establishment, and thirteen before his death at the age of eighty. If wisdom in winning souls, and world-wide usefulness in turning many to righteousness, shine more brightly in the new

heavens than learning and ecclesiastical rank, the unadorned pastor of Carr's Lane Independent Chapel, Birmingham, may very well count in *that* firmament as a star of greater magnitude than either of the two contemporary primates, or than both of them together.

The old Dorsetshire market-town, in which henceforward Non-conformity will feel as deep an interest as Anglicanism, has a history, had we time to go into it. The half-Roman, half-Saxon name points to an antiquity far beyond Domesday Book. It must have been already hoary with years when the famous Damory oak hard by—which, before it was sold for firewood in the latter half of the last century, had a hollow seventeen feet high, twenty-three wide at the base, and twelve at the crown, so that it was large enough to hold twenty full-grown men—was but an acorn. From the Conquest down through the wars of the Great Charter, and the times of Archbishop Chicheley and his uncle Cardinal Beaufort, both of whom, like Simon de Montfort and Saier de Quincy in King John's reign, enjoyed manorial rights in the place, the stream of local tradition runs tolerably clear. The population—some three or four thousand—has had to do without manufactures, since they contrived to lose the market for their lace—superior to that of Brussels, and sold at £30 a yard—or let slip from their fingers the cunning by which it was formerly twisted. Not for a long time back, if ever, a stirring, wide-awake town, one would say, like our Lancashire and Yorkshire hives of industry. Somewhat sleepy and dead-alive we might rather be inclined to fancy, and not without its share in the partial paralysis with which so many of the Western shires have been some time since afflicted, and which has entailed the gradual decay of their once flourishing clothing trade, and other like disasters. The impression is confirmed by the fact that the Blandford folks needed to be burnt out thrice within little more than half-a-century—not to speak of a like catastrophe in Camden's time—before they would be scourged by this fiery discipline into the adoption of a less perishable and inflammable style of architecture. The last of these great fires happened in 1731. It broke out at a tallow-chandler's shop, situated at the junction of the four streets which make up the town, and reduced the Church, Town-hall, schools, and all but forty of the houses, to ashes in an incredibly short space of time. The damage was computed at upwards of £100,000. This terrible rebuke proved effectual; and, though stunned for a while, Blandford afterwards rose, like a phoenix, from the conflagration, in repristinated youth and beauty. With its new Doric Town-hall and Grecian church, both of Portland stone, and its regular streets of handsome houses, rebuilt in brick and solid masonry, it became one of the finest little towns in the West of England.

It was not until his father's time that Mr. James's family settled in Blandford. The little village of Ower-Moigne, in the same county, about half-way between Dorchester and Wareham, was its seat in former generations, and the churchyard there abounds in tombstones

bearing his name and that of Angell, separate or in conjunction; for the alliance between these two families is of old standing, and when, some considerable time back, what are known as the Angell estates in Brixton and elsewhere, valued at about half-a-million sterling, went a-begging for an heir-at-law, this well-established connection between the two lines became invested with a new interest. Ultimately, however, a nearer claimant turned up in the person of a barmaid at Salisbury, if we remember rightly. Mr. James's paternal grandfather lived at Swanwich, or, as it is sometimes written, Swanage, on the Dorsetshire coast, and at the head of the bay of the same name. It is on an incident in his life that an anecdote is founded which has been given in a very distorted form in several publications, as an account of his grandson's conversion. It has been asserted that, when a youth, the author of the *Anxious Inquirer*, accompanied by some lads of his own age, entered on one occasion a Christian sanctuary, with the intention of interrupting the preacher, but was so conscience-stricken by something he heard that though he came to scoff, he remained to pray. The true history relates to an occasion on which the elder James was holding family worship in his house at Swanwich, which the ungodly clergymen of the parish, at the head of a mob of certain lewd fellows of the baser sort, attempted to disturb. The pungent rebuke administered by the pious patriarch to his reverend persecutor went straight to the heart, and the surpliced Saul never got rid of the impression. Though he shortly afterwards quitted his cure for another, he became a new man, both in the pulpit and out of it, as he did not forget to acknowledge to the once despised Dissenter who had been the instrumental cause of the change.

We see from this anecdote, which is at least as striking in its corrected as in its apocryphal form, that Joseph James, the father of the subject of this paper, did not bear his baptismal name in vain. That name points us back to a wrestling Jacob in whose house prayer was wont to be made. Nor was the devout desire it was doubtless meant to express unrealised. Joseph became "a fruitful bough," not merely as the parent of eight children who survived the age of infancy, but to some extent also in the better sense mainly contemplated, we may be sure, by the good Swanwich patriarch. Although, owing perhaps to undue timidity, it was not until comparatively late in life that he made a public profession of religion, yet we have learned, from the best available source, that he had long before *been* a Christian, and had shown himself such by an upright and honourable life. His not maintaining family worship may have arisen from diffidence as to his abilities for the task. The eminent piety of his wife is undoubted, and to her prayers with her children, as well as for them, John Angell James often owned himself deeply indebted. She would scarcely have formed a union with a merely moral man. Her maiden name was Blake, and there was a tradition in her family that they were the lineal descendants of the famous Admiral and General at sea. She was a Baptist from conviction,

and her husband yielded to her opinion so far that the children were not baptised in infancy. On the other hand, she felt no scruple in communing with the Independent Church which had been established in the town since the days of Cromwell, during all which time, down to 1802, the date of the settlement of the late Rev. Richard Keynes, who married the eldest sister of the Revs. J. A. and T. James, it had no more than three successive pastors. Mr. Field, who preceded Mr. Keynes, ministered to it for sixty-six years, and Mr. Blake, probably ancestor of its last pastor's mother-in-law, held office previously during half-a-century. Mr. Keynes himself, the fourth pastor, presided over this ancient congregation for upwards of fifty-three years, including the time during which he was co-pastor with Mr. Field. There seems something providential in this transmission of the living Christianity of the commonwealth Puritans, through so few intermediate links in this sanctuary attended by the parents of John Angell James, and to which he himself used to be led in his tenderest and most impressible years.

The genuine evangelical piety which we have been enabled to trace to grandfather James, and for the further development of which in the family of his son and daughter-in-law, Joseph and Sarah James, Blandford furnished such a favourable soil, ultimately triumphed in the hearts of all the eight children, and still happily survives in several branches of the fourth generation. John Angell James was the eldest of the sons, but three sisters were his seniors. His brother, James James, Esq., became an eminent manufacturer in Birmingham, rose to be a magistrate of the town, and was many years a most efficient deacon of the Carr's Lane Church. Mr. Dale justly describes him as "distinguished for force of character, practical sagacity, and a combination of all those elements, intellectual and moral, which give a man power over others." The only surviving brother, the Rev. Thomas James, has long ably served the churches of the Independent denomination as Secretary of the Colonial Missionary Society, as well as in other ways. It is to his kindness we are indebted for several interesting particulars of the family history, and of his illustrious relative's earliest days.

John Angell's first school was at Child Okeford (not Ockford, as it is erroneously printed in Mr. Dale's Sermon), a small village half-way between Blandford and Shaftesbury, being about six miles from each. He was afterwards removed to an establishment at Wareham, kept by the Rev. Robert Kell,* a good scholar and subsequently minister of this Old Meeting in Birmingham. The Carr's Lane Church, it may be remarked in passing, was originally a secession from this Old Meeting, on the latter's becoming abandoned to Unitarian teaching. It is curious thus to find the education of the future pastor of the orthodox seceders entrusted to the future pastor of the heterodox mother community.

It is not said that the lad was bookish; and we should imagine

* In the brief memoir of Mr. James, which appeared in the *Evangelical Magazine* last month, the name is given as Fell, probably by a misprint.

he did not carry away from Mr. Kell's school too much Greek and Latin. His quick intellect doubtless caught up there much useful knowledge, which his strong powers of memory enabled him thoroughly to retain. In the play-ground he was great. Excitement, even in disputable shapes, he mightily enjoyed. He was unquestionably fond of fun, and loved a practical joke. One fifth of November he got into trouble by singeing a soldier's whiskers with a squib. On another Guy Fawkes' day he was severely singed himself by the explosion of the fireworks with which he had stuffed his pockets, so that he had to be pumped on. No wonder Mr. Kell set his face against such amusements, and flogged Billy B., the clergyman's son, for persisting in them in spite of warning. "By-the-bye," Mr. James used to add, when telling these stories of his school-days, which he sometimes did with great glee, "I once fought that boy, and thrashed him, too." The offence which brought on Billy this richly-deserved chastisement was highly characteristic—a sin bred in the flesh, and which could not help coming out in the bone. He had twitted young James with being a "Presbyterian"—the name by which in those dark Dorsetshire regions all Dissenters were described. In after-life, also, Mr. James could resent an affront, though he could also forgive one at the first symptom of compunction. Some of our readers may not have heard that he once brought an action for libel. But it was only after a cynical refusal of apology. The defendant was Alfred Bunn, of theatrical notoriety, who, after failing in a provincial management at Birmingham, mainly owing, as he was pleased to think, to Carr's Lane's denunciations of the stage, revenged himself by publishing the libel in question in the *Age* newspaper, which he shortly afterwards edited. It imputed to his adversary a virtual breach of the tenth commandment, in having coveted, if not "his neighbour's wife," at least, "his affianced bride," alluding to a prior engagement of the second Mrs. James, which she had deemed herself bound in conscience to break off. Brougham, who held Mr. James's brief, gained for him a verdict and costs, in spite of Denman's eloquence, who appeared for the defence, although, of course, the plaintiff never got a penny. We are, however, still more forcibly reminded of the rough-and-raw polemical essay against the parson's son at Wareham, by the more courteous and polished, but not less stinging rebuke, which, in his "Defence" of the *Church Members' Guide*, Mr. James administered to certain clerical writers who had taken a most unfair and ungenerous advantage of his frank exposure of certain excrescences which had here and there fastened themselves upon the Independent polity. For, though one of the most catholic of Christians, and eager—some thought too much so—to be on good terms with the Established clergy, Mr. James was always a firm Dissenter. Take the following passage, for instance, and say whether the writer's blood was not up to as much purpose when he wrote it as when he displayed his prowess on a former field:—

"Dissent, if it be a sin, is neither a courtly nor a gainful one.

So far, its motives are beyond suspicion. Our principles cost us much money and respect, which we should save by entering within the pale of the Establishment; and, at the same time, we should lose the ungracious character of separatists, and get rid of the unmerited name of schismatics. We should, at any rate, try our fortune in the 'lottery of ecclesiastical prizes' and the career of church preferment. We are neither stoics nor ascetics; we do not profess to be in love with poverty and reproach, though quite willing to endure both for conscience' sake. We are open to conviction, and will hearken to reason; but are never likely to be converted by the hectoring and contempt, the dogmatism and arrogance, of either the evangelical or anti-evangelical members of any hierarchy upon earth. Although we contend for Dissent, our desire is to be vanquished by the truth; and if these two can be shown to be not identified, we are quite prepared to surrender the former. But the man who would lead us back to the Church of England must not meet us with the works of Hooker, but with the New Testament; he must not come with a sufficient portion of dialectic skill to convict of many errors in style and logic so humble an advocate of Nonconformity as myself, but to overturn our great position that THE WORD OF GOD IS THE SOLE AND SUFFICIENT AUTHORITY IN MATTERS OF RELIGION; he must not only prove, if prove he could, from my concessions, that Dissenters are guilty of many things inconsistent with their own principles, but he must demonstrate—and nothing less than this will give him the victory—THAT AN ALLIANCE OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST WITH THE SECULAR POWER IS SANCTIONED BY THE AUTHORITY, AND ACCORDS WITH THE GENIUS OF CHRISTIANITY; THAT DIOCESAN EPISCOPACY, FOUNDED ON THE SUPERIORITY OF BISHOPS TO ELDERS, IS OF APOSTOLIC ORIGIN AND APPOINTMENT; AND THAT THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER CONTAINETH NOTHING CONTRARY TO THE WORD OF GOD. Until this is proved, nothing is done; and when this is demonstrated, the grounds of dissent are taken away, and dissent itself will, in all probability, be abolished for ever."

At the usual age, the youth, *naïve*, frank, genial, and affectionate, with more of the wag than the Puritan about him, was set to learn a business. He was apprenticed, at Poole, to a draper named Bailey, who may, perhaps, have sometimes had to scold him for not being sharp enough in looking after slippery customers, and being too sharp and uncereimonious with tiresome ones. On rainy days no sunshine from his countenance would relieve, we may be sure, the general gloom of the shop. He was wont to confess to a sadly bilious temperament, although, when things brightened up, none could be more cheerful. But, wet or dry, we may safely say he was not reproached with idleness. Such marvellous industry as marked his noon, evening, and night—he corrected the last proofs of his contribution to Mr. Birrell's *Life of the Rev. Richard Knill* the day before he died—must have distinguished also the morning of his days. At Poole took place the great crisis in his inner life which determined his subsequent career. Through false shame, as

Mr. Dale surmises, he had unhappily given up the practice of daily devotion at the bed-side; and when a newly-arrived apprentice knelt down there to pray, the sight filled him with a true and godly shame; his slumbering conscience was aroused, and all the better impressions of his childhood were permanently revived. Mr. Dale adds a most moving sequel to this interesting anecdote, to the purport that the youth who thus became the occasion of the effectual kindling of this "burning and shining light," afterwards himself lost his way amidst the dark mountains of Infidelity, and stumbled, never to rise again. We wonder whether John Angell James ever preached from those words of our Lord (Luke xvii. 34), "In that night there shall be two in one bed; the one shall be taken and the other shall be left." If so, with what pathos and power would he have availed himself of this striking history of the two apprentices in the way of pungent appeal. It is much to be regretted that he did not make it the subject of a tract. Of none of his tracts have fewer than a hundred thousand copies been circulated; and of two of them—viz., his *Believe and be Saved*, and *The Man that Killed his Neighbour*, above four hundred thousand of each have been issued. Another yet from his effective pen, on a theme so intimately associated as that suggested above with the most momentous event of his own life, might have been, through God's blessing, quite as extensively useful.

A pious shoemaker, as Mr. James often gratefully acknowledged, was the young "anxious inquirer's" most helpful guide in this initial epoch of his religious life; and to him, every evening, after putting up the shutters of Mr. Bailey's shop, the draper's apprentice loved to resort for the comfort of his Christian counsels and fervent prayers. The late excellent Mr. Durant's ministry also proved very serviceable in nursing the sacred fire; and at length, under a sermon preached by the late Mr. Sibree, of Frome, from the words—"He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry" (Isaiah xxx. 19), the great decision was taken.

From the pew to the pulpit, where he was destined to put forth a style of sacred eloquence peculiarly his own, Divine Providence wonderfully smoothed his path. So much so, indeed, that in after-life he was himself bewildered on looking back at the rapidity of his ascent, which he was quite right in thinking could never have been meant for a precedent. On the other hand, we ought never to forget that "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty" as well as order. The great interests of the Kingdom of God call for occasional exceptions, as well as prescribe general rules, and the shining footsteps of Him that walketh amongst the candlesticks are surely visible in the track along which John Angell James passed to the Christian ministry, and right on to the end of his triumphant career. It is needless to speak again of the striking manner in which all things had been made ready for bringing about the great change he had now happily experienced; the convergence, so to speak, of several distinct and highly-charged lines of Christian

influence, as if for some noteworthy spiritual development. The finger of God is no less traceable in subsequent events, which led to his embracing the pastoral office. His sister pays a visit to some relatives at Romsey, and shows a ministerial friend, the Rev. Dr. Bennett—then Mr. Bennett, and settled over the Independent Church there—some of his letters. He is at once struck with the fine qualities of head and heart which they evince, and he cannot rest until he has placed him as a student under Dr. Bogue, of Gosport, where, side by side with Morrison, the Apostle of China, and other devout aspirants to the honour of uplifting the Cross both at home and abroad, the young man's intellectual and moral powers alike expand, until his indefatigable patron introduces him, in 1804, to the church at Carr's Lane. For to Dr. Bennett belongs the honour of first recognising the incomparable worth of this "gem of purest ray serene," as well as of seeing to its being properly polished and worthily set. In all this there is not a trace of pushing ambition endeavouring to elbow its way to some coveted post of honour and emolument. Indeed, the pastorate at Carr's Lane was at that time no bed of roses, and Mr. James never strove to make it one. A secession headed by the former minister, the Rev. Jehoida Brewer, had just taken place. The remnant of the church numbered no more than forty-four members, and the congregation altogether did not exceed one hundred and fifty persons. So formidable were the difficulties with which the young minister was called to cope, that six or seven years passed before even he, with his splendid abilities and shining graces, was able to surmount them, and he was several times tempted to throw up the task in despair. If, therefore, he was under twenty-one when he was ordained, there is no evidence of his having run before he was sent. The heavy charge was none of his own seeking, and accordingly we think that Mr. James, in his own account of the matter on the occasion of his Jubilee Celebration, adopted too apologetic a tone, and spoke too unguardedly of his "precipitancy" in accepting the invitation of the church. It seems to us an excess of modesty, when he appeals to the result as furnishing the sole justification of the step. "Dr. Bennett," he said, "having himself received an invitation to become the pastor of the church, and, having declined it, recommended a youth then studying at Gosport, under Dr. Bogue, and who at that time was not nineteen years of age. In August, 1804, that youth came to Birmingham, merely, as he thought, as a temporary supply, but certainly with no expectation of being chosen as the pastor of the church. His preaching met with the acceptance of the congregation, and after four Sabbaths, before he left the town, a deputation waited upon him from the church, to invite him to become their pastor as soon as he might be permitted to leave college. With, perhaps, too little reflection, and a promptitude that savoured more of boldness than of prudence, he gave at once a favourable answer to their invitation. He does not now know at which most to wonder, their precipitancy in giving the invitation, or his own in accepting

it. Results have proved that it was of God ; but circumstances augured little for the wisdom of either party. What a mercy it is that prescience is denied to mortals ! for could that young man, when he accepted the invitation of the church, have foreseen the fifty years of labour, success, and comfort, that were to be allotted to him in this place, it might have produced in so youthful a heart a vanity which would have had an injurious effect upon his character and career. That youth is now before you, the man of threescore years and ten ; the sapling has grown into the oak, under the branches of which you have long reposed, till the oak itself is in a state of decay."

On the first of last October, the decayed oak was cut down, but not because it had cumbered the ground. No ; few Christian ministers, taking all ages of the Church together, have been more abundant in labours, both in the pulpit and out of it—more earnest in scattering truth—more prayerful in watering it—more watchful in looking for the springing up of the seed, or more blessed in the harvest, than John Angell James. Too seldom in hope—for with his strong-winged faith and seraphic charity, the sister grace did not soar evenly aloft—often in tears, and always in patience, he went forth, amid cold and showers, bearing the precious grain, and in due season the sheaves smiled. Witness his own thankful, not vain-glorious summing-up of the fruits of his toil in Birmingham, in his last Pastoral Letter to his church : "When I became pastor of my church, more than fifty-three years ago, the only object of congregational benevolence and action was the Sunday school, which was then conducted in a private house, hired for the purpose. There was nothing else, literally nothing, we set our hands to. We had not then taken up even the Missionary Society. We have now an organisation for the London Missionary Society, which raises, as its regular contribution, nearly £500 per annum, besides occasional donations to meet special appeals, which, upon an average, may make up another £100 a-year. For the Colonial Missionary Society, we raise annually £70. For our Sunday and day schools, which comprehend nearly two thousand children, we raise £200. We support two town missionaries at a cost of £200. Our ladies conduct a working society for orphan mission schools in the East Indies, the proceeds of which reach, on an average, £50 a-year. They sustain also a Dorcas Society for the poor of our town, a Maternal Society, of many branches, in various localities ; and a Female Benevolent Society, for visiting the sick poor. We have a Religious Tract Society, which employs ninety distributors, and spends nearly £50 a-year in the purchase of tracts. Our Village Preachers' Society, which employs twelve or fourteen lay agents, costs us scarcely anything. We raise £40 annually for the County Association. We have a Young Men's Brotherly Society for general and religious improvement, with a library of 2,000 volumes. We have also night schools for young men and women at small cost, and Bible classes for other young men and women. In addition to all

this, we raise £100 per annum for Spring Hill College. We have laid out £23,000 in improving the old chapel and building the new one; in the erection of school-rooms, the College, and in building seven country and town small chapels. We have also formed two separate Independent churches, and have, jointly with another congregation, formed a third, and all but set up a fourth, and are at this time in treaty for two pieces of freehold land, which will cost £700, to build two more chapels in the suburbs of the town."

His end was peace, and his memory is blessed. What John Angell James was as a man and a citizen, let the silent hammers of Birmingham testify, and the gloom of its streets as his hearse passed through them. What he was as a Christian, the churches of both hemispheres know. To his power in the pulpit, what Robert Hall once said, after hearing him preach at Leicester, is the most remarkable attestation we remember. "I should not be surprised to learn," he declared, "that a hundred persons have been converted to-night." The best proof of his efficiency as a pastor and spiritual ruler is the halcyon harmony of his church during the fifty-four years of his government, notwithstanding the disquieted state in which he found it at first; and although it was recruited to more than twenty-fold its original dimensions from the most democratic population in the land. Spring Hill College, of which he may fairly be considered a second founder, is a splendid monument of his zeal for the perpetuation of a pious and learned ministry. But his most enduring memorial will be his *Anxious Inquirer*, which will be useful as long as it shall be read, and will be read as long as any one of the many languages into which it has been and will hereafter be printed shall be spoken upon the earth.

VI.

PAGES FROM MY DIARY.

BY FREDERIKA BREMER.

October 14th, 1859.

IMPOSSIBLE to put in at Mytelene! We lingered for three-quarters of an hour outside the harbour; but not a single small boat ventured out, either with the post-bags or passengers, on account of the violence of the wind and waves; besides it was already dark. We must heave the anchor, and again set sail.

It is well for me that I saw thee lately during beautiful weather, thou most lovely island of the Greek Archipelago, ever-memorable Lesbos, the birthplace of Pittacus, Theophrastus, and Sappho! From

the stormy water upon which I am borne onward, I cast back a glance at thy dim-crowned heights, in the shadow of which lie flourishing villages and well-to-do country houses; to thy vallies, where bloom the rose-laurel and agnus cactus, to thy beautiful "Porto oliveto," reminding me of Piedmont's celebrated lakes; to my peaceful home on thy shore and my pretty young hostess, "la Smaragda."

And now northward, northward towards the Dardanelles, towards Constantinople! The wind is contrary, cold, and violent; the sea is dark, the waves rolling with an increasing swell. The old *Amsterdam* creaks and grinds dreadfully. It is impossible to sleep. The mind becomes also disturbed. I think of my beautiful, quiet home at Smyrna, with the Swedish consul Von Lenneps, where I was entertained as a guest so happily, and where I might have stayed! I wish myself there once more in the midst of that amiable family, sighing that I did not continue in Smyrna, and see and hear more about the great Deaconess Educational Institute there, the first of its kind in the East, the plam and pearl there for the education of girls. I repent—too late, too late! Away, however, with dull regrets; I will live for the day and the hour. The queen of night stands high in the heavens; I know that of old she is my friend. Good night! To-morrow, everything will be better; but I cannot recommend the *Amsterdam* as a steamboat for ladies.

The 15th, the mouth of the Dardanelles!—Asia and Europe approach at this point, and salute each other from two fortresses, "Chateau d'Asie," and "Chateau d'Europe," as they are called.

They approach each other like two potentates, to become acquainted; to make peace or war. The lofty hills of Asia retire into the distance; its shore is poetical and verdant; that of Europe prosaic and brown. Both become more beautiful, more cultivated and populous as they accompany each other on the two sides of the straits.

"Sestos and Abydos!" Romantically beautiful hills and dales, especially of Sestos, on the European shore. In the background, a lofty green ascent, which seems as if looking over the vallies towards the Straits and Asia. Thus, of old, looked out Hero towards Abydos seeking for Leander—in vain. The great warlike memories of the Dardanelles are less deeply inscribed in the human memory than this episode from the heart's life of love—the eternal heart. Because thou wast before the Dardanelles were, and shall be when they remain no longer!

It was not until noon of the following day, the 16th of October, that we approached Constantinople, the tripartite imperial city on the shores of the Sea of Marmora, the Bosphorus, and the Golden Horn—a magnificent sight! Before us opened the Bosphorus with Scutari, the Turkish city, upon its Asiatic, and Pera, the "Frank city," upon its European shore; on the left, the long cone of the Golden Horn, between Pera and the ancient Byzantium, or Stamboul. It stands upon a lofty ridge of hills, extending from east to west,

crowned by white mosques, with their tall minarets rising out of a forest of gloomy houses. Its extreme point is the Seraglio Point, the foot of which is bathed by the Sea of Marmora. On its green slopes shine out white palaces and mosques, supreme amongst which rises "Hagia Sophia," with its four minarets, and Achmedan, the mosque of the Sultan Achmed, with six. Not far from the sea stands the former seraglio of Sultan Mahmoud. Ships with all their colours displayed and their yards manned are in the bay; cannons thunder—it is the last day of Courban Beiram, the great Easter festival of the Mussulman.

The steamer advances round Seraglio Point, and enters the Golden Horn. What a throng of vessels, steam-boats, ships-of-war, and trading craft of all sizes, laden with human beings and merchandise, whilst small caiques, by hundreds, skim like flies over the waves. It is an almost overpoweringly grand and splendid sight. How are we to get through all this throng? But when at length the steamer lay still on the waters of the Golden Horn, in the harbour of Pera, I could not but think of Stockholm. The resemblance in situation, in the picture presented of land and water is striking, but the life here is more manifold, and the proportions larger.

Fishers of men from Pera, that is to say, people sent out from the hotels, and boatmen storm the vessel, and press their invitations on the passengers. We allow ourselves to be caught by one of them, the best thing one can do under such circumstances; and we and our baggage are conveyed down to a caique, which takes us to the shore of Pera. We clamber up the heights of Pera for a whole half-hour—wearisome work, though, during the heat of the day—and engage rooms at the "Hotel de Byanz," a good but expensive hotel, though not the most so—for sixteen francs a day with "service." The air here is fresh, and the view over Scutari, with the pyramidal heights of Asia in the background, and along the shore of the Golden Horn, is incomparably magnificent.

I journeyed alone from the shore of Asia Minor, and I believed that I should arrive alone at Constantinople, but now I say *we*. I have met with a travelling companion in Mr. W., an English gentleman, and an original at the same time. Still young, he travels about the world with no other object than to amuse himself; and now he has amused himself by becoming my knight in a most chivalric fashion. A son could not be more attentive to his mother than is Mr. W. to me. And thus I now find myself in this place, where I expected to be more solitary than usual, so carefully and affectionately attended to—I cannot use any other word—as I have never been before during this, my journey.

In the very evening of the day we landed, my polite cavalier, Mr. W., conducted me to the promenade of Pera, "*petit champ des morts*," a tree-planted terrace, with well-built houses on the one hand, and a beautiful view, through the dark cypresses of a Turkish burial-ground, on the other, over the Golden Horn

and Stamboul; and all beheld under the beautifying mystical light of the full moon. Music was playing on the terrace, and ladies and gentlemen—the greater number of whom wore the European dress—sat before tables, drinking coffee, lemonade, and such like; or walking up and down, listening to the music in the blaze of lamps and the splendour of moonlight. One might have believed oneself in a European city. The lights and sounds in Byzantium, on the other side of the Golden Horn, had long since ceased, for in a Turkish city all outer life ceases shortly after sunset, whilst here, on the heights of Pera, music was playing, and people were walking and conversing. Pera is now almost exclusively a Christian city.

Saturday, the 18th.—The preceding day, Friday, was the Turkish Sunday, when the Sultan may be seen on his visit to the mosque. What particular mosque, however, he intends to visit, is not known before noon of that same day. Every Sunday it is a fresh one, and generally one of the smaller mosques, because in the larger he is obliged to give large alms; in the small he can escape with from four to five thousand piastres each time. Very pretty, this, I thought! I wished to see Sultan Abdul Medjid, and my polite cavalier, Mr. W., is always ready to attend me wherever I wish.

At eleven in the forenoon we were informed that the Sultan would go to his devotions in a little mosque on the European shore of the Bosphorus, just opposite to the fashionable Turkish promenade of the "Sweet Waters of Asia." It is a long way up the Bosphorus. No matter, it is all as one. We enter a caique, where we take our seats in oriental fashion, and two rowers, dressed in grey-white, striped silk shirts and red fezzes, sped us up the Bosphorus.

The caique is a long, very narrow boat, pointed at the ends, which cuts the water with great speed, but is not without danger from high waves or a side blow; and people must be very careful of their movements in them—must both sit and lie still. Beautiful carving of flowers, leaves, and other figures ornament the interior of the little boats, and red cushions or bright-coloured rags cover the seats. The caiques, for the most part, keep along the shores of the Bosphorus, because the steam-boats, here called omnibuses, ply in the mid-stream; and these are dangerous '*busses*' for the little caiques. Some weeks since, Aligalib Pasha's caique was upset by one of these omnibuses, and its noble proprietor, the son of Reschid Pasha, and the Sultan's son-in-law, went to the bottom. We take care, however, to avoid such a mishap, row close to the European shore, and keep a good look-out. Wind and waves are against us; and the current in many places runs so strong that the caique is obliged to be dragged along the shore by a rope. But this is a rapid and safe operation to the accustomed boatman.

We proceed past one palace after another, some of them fallen, others falling into decay—others, again, white, new-built, and splendid, the greater number belonging to the Sultan, or built by him. These two are occupied by his two married daughters; this

by his harem; this by his eunuchs; that large, remarkably splendid and tasteful one, by himself. In front of it, in the water, lie white-painted caiques, with gilded ornaments on stem and stern. In one of these is a red velvet throne, and canopy with gold fringe. More than twenty rowers in white silk shirts are awaiting in this for their mighty lord and governor. A band of musicians stands upon the shore before the palace, ready to strike up on his departure. We pass a little mosque on the shore, as elegant and decorative as a French pavilion. It is called *Validé*, and was built by the deceased mother of the Sultan, a good woman, who united with it a hospital for the sick of all religions, and a refuge for the poor, who are desirous of learning; a well-meant institution, but which, after the death of the Sultana, fell to—nothing. We hasten past, speeding up the Bosphorus, that we may, if possible, reach the mosque before the Sultan. The firing of cannon, drums, and music announce that the Sultan has left his palace, and his caique is said to fly upon the water. We have half-an-hour in advance; but it is not long before we see the white and gilded caique behind us, and soon they will be up with us. The ships display their colours, and fire one salute after another, and the sound of drums and music bursts forth from one station to another along the shore. The Sultan passes by; and now the imperial flotilla approaches; now it is on a line with us—first, a large white caique, with upwards of twenty rowers, all of whom with every stroke of the oar rise up and make a bow to the great ruler himself, as if otherwise they could not keep the true course. He sits upon his throne of velvet and gold, with his canopy over his head—a little man in a dark coat and dark red fez. He is in lively conversation with a couple of gentlemen who attend him, and uses much action of the hand. He casts merely a passing side-glance on our little caique, so that I can but indistinctly discriminate his features. No matter; I am sure to see him as he comes out of the mosque. The imperial caique, with its measured oar-strokes, flies over the waves. Seven or eight lesser caiques follow with ministers, generals, and the gentlemen of the court. The white flotilla is soon out of sight, and merely the cannon-shot and the beating of the drums indicate the progress of the Sultan. We follow after.

How beautiful are the shores of the Bosphorus! Asia and Europe put on here their most lovely array, where they approach each other the nearest. It is one succession of parks and country houses: here and there an Armenian or Greek house, with their open windows. The greater number, however, are Turkish, with latticed windows and little holes for the inmates of the harem to peep from. Occasionally glance forth flower-crowned terraces and palaces, with gardens extending from hill to hill and dale to dale, together with here and there a height covered with the pine and spruce firs—a refreshing sight; and in the midst of all this beauty the dancing, glittering waves, bearing on their bosom a crowd of steamboats, sailing vessels, and caiques; flocks of sea-swallows

come dashing over, white-winged gulls dip into the waves, porpoises leap about, dolphins gambol—all is life and joy! The sun shines on the two shores of Europe and Asia. They seem to laugh one to the other, and to say, like the poet Tyanites, in his "Bosphoromachia"—"If, after all, thou art the most beautiful, the advantage is mine, because it is I who contemplate thee!"

The Imperial caique lies at the shore empty. The Sultan is in the mosque, which is a small one, with its minaret hidden amongst the trees. We land, and place ourselves on the shore, at the entrance of the mosque. A military officer points out a place to us very politely, and keeps back the people who press too close to the steps. Guards are stationed between them and the shore.

A stout lady, in a European dress and straw hat, will not, however, be kept back by any one. She is well dressed in half-mourning, and she holds a little boy and girl by either hand. She places herself close to the steps of the mosque, nor will she be thrust aside by the guards, who wish her to take a lower place; and they at length leave her where she is. Who is she? The wife, we are informed, of one of the directors of the Sultan's chapel. "He was an Italian," continued our informant, "who, having made a present to one of the ladies of the Sultan's harem, has not since been seen in the palace. Two weeks are now past, during which his wife has inquired after him everywhere, had him advertised in the daily paper, and is now here to ask the Sultan to what place her husband has been removed." She is not handsome, and very corpulent; but her pale countenance, her children, and her story, give her an interest.

We have stood waiting outside for about three-quarters of an hour, listening to the murmuring, half-singing voices within, when we perceive indications that the Sultan is about to leave the mosque. Military officers of high rank range themselves on the steps; the guards draw up closely on both sides of the short distance between the mosque and the shore. It is evident, from the expression of all their countenances, that they are standing ready to bow their heads before their ruler. Every one is silent and hushed, in expectation of his approach. Even I myself wait with excited attention. Sultan Abdul Medjid's sympathies go with the culture of the West,—for instance, his gift of estates in Syria to the French poet Lamartine; his behaviour in the last war with Russia; and his present position as the representative, perhaps the last, of the sinking power of the Byzantine empire. Son of the seraglio—that deceitful Delilah which lulls her lord to sleep and hinders all his endeavours after a new life—Sultan Abdul Medjid is to me a very interesting person, not for his individuality, but as a curiosity.

And now all the glances of the noble gentlemen on the steps are raised, and their heads bow down. A little man in a dark coat, a dark red cap with a long black tassel on his head, and a pale,

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unpleasing countenance, comes down the steps, with as little dignity as a shopman. Can that really be the Sultan? Yes, it must be the Sultan, because the elderly military personages by his side reply with an expression of deep reverence to some remarks of the little man, and the stout lady with the children steps hastily forward into his path, as if she would stop his farther advance. He starts, makes a half step backward, and contracts his eyebrows most threateningly. Yet he listens to what she has to say, but listens with a gloomy expression, and then casts an inquiring glance on his brother-in-law, the high admiral. He utters a few words of explanation, shrugging his shoulders, and then another word or two, which seem to say—"What do I know about your husband?"—motions the stout lady out of the way, and walks on to the shore, talking gaily with the gentlemen who attend him. He steps into the caique, from which the canopy has been removed; puts on his gloves, distorts his face in looking up at the sun, and so doing exhibits his tobacco-stained teeth; while his plain, uninteresting countenance assumes a most disagreeable expression. This, then, is the man who is called "God's Shadow on the Earth," and who rules with absolute sway over the lives and happiness of thirty-five millions of human beings.

I have seen many crowned heads; but none who seem to me so devoid of dignity, so devoid of anything remarkable as this "Shadow of God on Earth." Nevertheless, the throne must produce an effect either for good or for evil. Travellers who see Abdul Medjid only at public audiences, usually observe merely the lifeless, automatic character of his exterior. I now saw him under other circumstances. He was lively, and his countenance, although pale, indicated more youthful strength and health than I had been led to expect.

"That is," I was told, "because within the last few years he has drank something stronger than champagne, and this has given him strength. Besides, he was to-day in a good humour. But he generally looks very gloomy!"

For the rest, Abdul Medjid has the Turkish family features, the oval countenance with somewhat prominent cheekbones; the nose broad at the nostrils and arched, the dark-brown well cut, but not large eyes, and the finely-pencilled eyebrows. They struck me as finest when contracted with their threatening expression, and the countenance then appeared most significant. If they could contract with a grave earnestness, Abdul Medjid would be a man of high character. Naturally mild of disposition, a good son, good brother, unwilling, although a despot, to sign a death-warrant, Abdul Medjid is not wanting in the softer feelings.* That which he wants is real

* Nevertheless, that these softer feelings in Abdul Medjid's nature are not strong enough to overcome barbarism is proved by the fact, that although he is the first Sultan in Turkey who has permitted his brother not merely to live, but to be at liberty—and this brother of Abdul Medjid is more richly endowed, both in body and soul, than himself—still he has continued the ancient monstrous custom of strangling, or otherwise destroying, every male child born to the sisters or daughters of the Sultan—the Sultan's brother has never married—immediately after its

earnestness, real strength. So, at least, it seems to me. He does not throw himself seriously into anything, but lets all go as it may and will. "Allah Kerim!" God is great, and does that which He will. Let us enjoy the day and the hour. And enjoyments for the day and the hour are not yet wanting to the Sultan.

In his gilded caique, attended by the white flotilla, the Sultan crosses to the opposite shore of the Bosphorus, where a little stream forms a valley, called by the Europeans the Sweet Waters of Asia. Here are the "Champs Elysées" of Constantinople, more especially of the Turkish Constantinople, where its great world promenades every festival day; and now, on the shores of the Bosphorus, has Abdul Medjid built himself an elegant kiosk, where he is accustomed to spend hours with his Sultanas, and thither he is taking his way.

Our little caique follows him across the Bosphorus, then enters a little river between verdant banks, and lies to at a bridge, where hundreds of caiques are also lying. From this point we advance along the margin of the river, amongst wooded hills and vallies, to a verdant little plain, which lies embosomed in the hills. Here the gay Turkish world is all in movement, the higher class in carriages, the lower on foot, much as the world of Stockholm in its Park, only within much more circumscribed bounds. First we come upon the cooking section of the place. And here, in the open air, small pieces of meat, liver, and tongue, are roasting upon spits; and anybody who likes can have a warm morsel, greatly beloved by Turkish palates. Bread, cakes, and all kinds of fruits, Turkish confectionery, and such like, are here displayed for sale. This is the introduction to the plain, upon which move, step by step, araba after araba—the Turkish carriages—in an elliptic circle. The greater number have merely one horse, and the coachman walks by its side. In these sit old and young, the latter wearing flowers and golden ornaments in their hair, and sometimes also jewels. Over these is thrown the white muslin veil, concealing the forehead to the eyebrows, whilst a lappet, called a "jackmack," of the same material, covers the lower part of the face to the nostrils. This veil is, however, frequently very transparent. The dark eyes only look forth freely from the chrysalis, but seldom with a sparkling or animated expression. Differently, the countenances of the children are unveiled, and often very pretty, although it may be asked whether the roses on their cheeks are artificial, like those in their hair.

Some of the carriages are very remarkable in form and style of ornament—two or three are drawn by white oxen, from the heads of which rise aloft steel springs, which bend backwards over the backs of the animal, with long, depending, swinging red tassels. These carriages are a sort of caravan, splendidly ornamented with

birth. The only sister of Abdul Medjid married the High Admiral Mahomed Ali Pascha and gave birth to a son, and so earnestly besought for its life that the executioner was touched, and the child lived for two years, but then the mother found her child strangled in the cradle. She became idiotic, and died of grief.

a cover of silk or velvet, fringed with gold. They look like huge baskets of flowers, their gay and crowded occupants being adorned with gaudy blossoms, white veils, and many-coloured silk mantles. It is the Turkish araba of the old style. On the other side of the plain are the carriages containing gentlemen, and the gentlemen gaze at the ladies. Some gentlemen on horseback do the same. Dark eyes and fiery glances are not seldom encountered. But after a short time all this seems dull, insipid, and lifeless uniformity. People wander and wander about in the same spot, in the same circle, in the same way. The groups which are seated on mats by the little stream, on the grass, are much more interesting. Here, at least, we can see women eating and drinking, and enjoying life with their children; but happy, fresh countenances I miss even here; and beautiful ones are nowhere to be found. The greater number are very pale.

After an hour we leave this narrow circumscribed Elysium, and betake ourselves again to the Bosphorus. Below the imperial kiosk is a larger, more open plain, running along the shore of the Bosphorus, and here there is also a large assembly of people, principally ladies, whose mantles shine out in all the colours of the rainbow, but much more brilliant. A great number of them have very plain countenances, although they wear the Turkish dress and veil. They belong to the Greek and Armenian population of the Bosphorus and Constantinople. They are sitting in groups along the latticed galleries of the kiosk, or upon the steps of the large fountain under the plane-trees—the largest and most beautiful trees of this region. The sight is really happy and splendid, principally from the brilliant colouring of the beautiful silk mantles—rose-red, yellow, green, and blue. I observe some very beautiful young Turkish ladies here, with the most transparent *jackmacks*. But still there is the same expression of the countenance—lifeless, soulless. It is that of imprisoned souls.

Up above, in the kiosk, the windows are open; but no faces are looking out. Below, dervishes go among the crowd and beg—the sellers of ices and lemonade cry aloud their wares—a circle is formed among the people—a kind of palazzo opens the space with stick and tongue—and then persons come forward upon the theatre thus formed. They entertain the public by acrobatic evolutions and tumblers' tricks, with a joke on every word and action, which seem to me in the highest degree monotonous and coarse, though the Turks laugh heartily at the whole.

Glad to escape from these uninteresting scenes, we again find ourselves on the waters of the Bosphorus, and are borne swiftly down the stream to the Golden Horn, the harbour of Pera.

"Leander's Tower" stands upon a rock in the middle of the mouth of the Bosphorus, calling to mind the bold but unfortunate swimmer. How beautifully the Seraglio Point shines out in the sunshine, with its white mosques and minarets rising up in the midst of wood, and with the glittering water dancing around.

(To be continued.)

VII.

FINANCIAL REFORM.

1. *Report on Taxation, direct and indirect, adopted by the Financial Reform Association of Liverpool.* (Read at the Bradford Social Science Meeting.)
2. *Speech of John Bright, Esq., M.P., at the Great Financial Reform Meeting in Liverpool, on 1st December, 1859.*

THE question of Financial Reform has made a great step in advance. To the Liverpool Association belongs the merit of having, for many years, continued to agitate in favour of what appeared to be a hopeless cause. Their first step to obtain a sound footing for their principles on the platform of practical statesmanship, was by bringing their able "Report" (the title of which we have prefixed to this article) before the Association for the Promotion of Social Science at Bradford, under the distinguished presidency of Lord Brougham, where the subject was thoroughly explained and enforced in the course of the interesting discussion which took place. It was afterwards brought still more prominently before the public in the statement made to the General Meeting of the Association by Lord Brougham, in bringing up a report from the section in which it had been discussed, and by giving the benefit of his support to the principles advocated, although only to a modified extent, by supporting the abolition of the Customs' duties on 439 articles, which produced only three-quarters of a million of revenue. The next step, and by far the most important, which the Financial Reform Association had ever made, was that of securing the advocacy of Mr. Bright at their great meeting, held on the first of December last. That gentleman grappled with the principles and details of the measure of Finance Reform in a way which had never been attempted before, so as to exhibit them in a practical shape, fit for immediate legislation. In place of advocating, as Lord Brougham had done, the abolition of duties to the extent of three-quarters of a million, Mr. Bright boldly avowed that he was prepared, immediately, to abolish all the more vexatious and oppressive duties in our financial code, including customs, excise and assessed taxes, to the extent of twenty-seven millions, and to make up the deficiency by means of a wealth tax, to be imposed on all realised property and funds, of whatever kind, to the same amount. No account of the property and capital of the nation has ever been published, on which much dependence could be placed, but Mr. Bright appears to have gone into the question with care, founding his calculations on certain Parliamentary returns; and he estimated the total amount at £6,700,000,000—rejecting what appeared to him to be the exaggerated amount, suggested in one of the publications of the Liverpool Association, £10,000,000,000. The property and capital of those who were not worth £100 in all, including all their possessions in lands, houses, goods, money, furniture, stock-in-trade, and property of every

other kind, was excluded from this estimate ; and the proposal of the honourable member for Birmingham was to impose a wealth tax of 8s. a year on every £100 of capital and property of whatever kind, omitting from the tax roll only those who did not possess so much as £100. This wealth tax, he showed, would yield, on the computed capital, £26,800,000 ; and the taxes which he proposed to repeal amounted to nearly the same sum.

We have compared different reports of Mr. Bright's speech, and have found several typographical errors and discrepancies in the figures, apparently from the difficulty the reporters must have felt in taking down so many large sums as rapidly as the speaker could repeat them ; but having referred to the "Report" of the Financial Reform Association and the tables appended, from which Mr. Bright's figures appear to have been chiefly taken, we have, by a comparison of these with the newspaper reports, been enabled, in the following statement, to clear up the discrepancies ; and our figures may therefore be depended on as accurate. The total amount of the duties proposed to be abolished is £27,139, 655 ; but the saving of expense between the two modes of collection would, no doubt, do much more than meet the small difference between the amount of the various taxes repealed, and the wealth tax proposed to be levied in their room.

	£
Income Tax	6,610,102
Duty on Tea	5,271,702
Duty on Sugar	5,979,329
Duty on Coffee	425,827
Duty on Wine—Loss by reducing Duty to 1s. per Gallon	1,000,000
Duty on 27 Articles of Food, including Corn, £582,000 ; Currants, £301,000 ; Raisins, £128,000 ; Pepper, £107,000 ; Butter, £94,795 ; Cheese, £44,220 ; Eggs, £23,846 ; Figs, £27,180 ; Oranges and Lemons, £33,071 ; Rice, £32,402, etc.	1,895,082
Duty on 12 articles of Clothing, including Silks, £295,073 ; Gloves, £53,314 ; Artificial Flowers, £20,454 ; and Straw Plaiting, £14,583, etc.	403,001
Duty on 21 articles for Manufactures and Household purposes, including Timber, £574,239 ; Tallow, £84,932	757,947
Duty on 439 other Articles	751,098
Duty on Paper and Books	1,159,301
Assessed Taxes, including Carriages, £300,669 ; Riding Horses, £234,428 ; other Horses, £116,656 ; Hackney Coaches, £82,093 ; Stage Carriages, £124,993 ; Railways, £339,568	1,198,409
Insurance Duty—Marine, £285,323 ; Fire, £1,402,534	1,687,857
	<hr/>
	£27,139,655

Objections have been made to this proposal from opposite quarters. Some of the more zealous supporters of the Liverpool Association object to Mr. Bright's plan, because it is not strictly in accordance with the principles of their Association. They seek the abolition of all indirect taxes, and the substitution of direct taxes ; and Mr. Bright's

plan abolishes only twenty-seven millions of existing taxes, and leaves forty millions untouched. This is, no doubt, an important difference; but to abolish taxes to the amount of sixty-seven millions, and substitute a direct tax on wealth sufficient to raise the same sum, would require the rate to be fixed at exactly one pound on every hundred pounds of realised wealth, supposing the amount of that wealth to be, as estimated by Mr. Bright, six thousand seven hundred millions. The sum of £67,000,000 is so large, and would so materially and suddenly interfere with numerous existing arrangements, that however beneficial the change might be in its ultimate results, which we are not now going to discuss, few persons would be found to advise that the agitation for Financial Reform should now and for ever be fixed on this broad basis. The fact is, however, well worthy of remembrance, that a tax of £1 a year on every £100 of realised wealth would raise £67,000,000 a year, and supersede the necessity for any other taxes. Accustomed as we are to conceal the footmarks of the tax-gatherer by means of the system of indirect taxation, we are apt to be startled by the suggestion of such a plan; but with our cousins on the other side of the Atlantic this mode of taxation for defraying the expenses of the separate states, is a matter of every-day occurrence, although not adopted by the Federal Government; and because of its proved fairness, and its economy as regards the expenses of collection, it meets with general approval. In the most recent book we have seen respecting that country, an interesting little volume on "Prairie Farming in America, with Notes by the way on Canada and the United States, by James Caird, M.P.," we find the following information.* "The average rate of taxation for Ohio is 1.02 per cent. *on the estimated capital of the entire property of every kind in the state.*" (Page 120.) This rate (20s. 5d. on every £100 of capital and property) is rather more than would be required in the United Kingdom; and Mr. Caird adds, apparently without any surprise, "and yet this state (Ohio) is reckoned to be *moderately taxed*, compared with many others."

The opponents of Mr. Bright, who belong to the opposite extreme, assert that £27,000,000 is far too large a sum to be raised by a tax on the realised wealth of the country; and that by such an arrangement the working classes would be unduly exempted from taxation which they now pay—and justly pay, as these parties argue—for good government, and for the support of the national institutions. To such reasoners it might be answered, that these twenty-seven millions would all be required to pay the interest of the National Debt, in which the working classes, and all others whose whole possessions are worth less than £100, cannot have the same interest as the wealthy and governing classes, at whose instance and for whose benefit mainly it was incurred. But we do not lay any stress on this argument. We would even concede that the working classes are as fully entitled, and as willing, and as able to pay the interest of the National Debt, as the upper classes of

* Longmans, London, 1859.

the community. But in the first place it must be borne in mind, that the abolition of the indirect taxes, which Mr. Bright has proposed, would relieve all classes alike, and the upper classes, individually, in a greater measure than the lower, since they are individually the largest consumers of the taxed articles. It is true, however, that the exemption will not equal the burden of direct taxation to be imposed on them, and from which the working classes are to be entirely freed. And this brings us in front of the great economic question involved in this controversy. Should the property and funds of the wealthy classes, be taxed in an equal ratio with the small and precarious income of the working classes derived from labour? At present there is a frightful disproportion, and in the wrong direction. The working man with 20s. a week, which may be stopped to-morrow, pays an immensely greater proportion of his uncertain wages, than the landlord pays of his thousands, of which no eventuality short of death or civil war can divest him. On many grounds the evil of this may be exhibited, as, in fact, it has been by every distinguished political economist who has discussed the subject of taxation. It may be that the comparative freedom of capital, from its natural and righteous liabilities, as the *Times* has derisively argued against Mr. Bright, facilitates and provokes the accumulation of capital, which is the fund for the support of labour. But capital too hastily, and wrongly accumulated, at the expense of the working classes, is seldom applied to reproductive purposes, but is spent in the exorbitant and wasteful expenses of vanity and ambition, or in those manias of hazardous speculations which periodically witness to the prurience of our wealth, and squander it by a species of phlebotomy, till capitalists are reduced to a sober business level again. We are assured that the inducement to acquire property, which is the strongest passion in the heart of man, as Economists tell us, will resist and overcome the comparatively small proportional tax which our Finance Reformers would lay upon it; and that business would flourish better when wealth bore its just share of public burdens, and not only *supported labour* by providing a fund for wages, but *supported the labourer* by relieving him from the disproportionate amount of taxation which he has now to pay. In the next place, it may be answered that the working classes would, even if the proposed plan were carried into effect, pay their share, and more than their just share, of the national taxation; for it must be remembered that the indirect taxation which still remained would amount nearly to or as much as the proposed wealth tax would produce; and that this taxation, amounting to nearly £25,000,000, would be paid mainly from the wages of the working classes. Let us look at the indirect taxes which would remain, and which they would still have to pay. They are as follows:—

CUSTOMS' DUTIES.			
Customs' Duty on Foreign and Colonial Spirits	.	.	£2,278,318
Do. on Wine (reduced to 1s. per Gallon)	.	.	761,738
Do. on Tobacco	.	.	5,165,225
			<hr/>
			£8,505,281

EXCISE DUTIES.	
Duty on Home Spirits	£8,950,195
Duty on Malt	5,412,777
Duty on Hops	396,205
Duty on Licences for sale of all these Articles	1,436,238
	<hr/> 16,195,415
Total Customs' and Excise Duties	<hr/> £24,700,696

Let any candid man fairly go into an examination of the incidence of these taxes, and he will be forced to admit that, with the trifling exception of £761,738 from wine, at the reduced rate of duty, probably nine-tenths of the total amount would be paid by the working classes and others who do not in any shape possess £100 of property or capital; and taking a low estimate, it is undeniable that these classes would pay at least £20,000,000 a year from these sources, after the wealth tax had been imposed to raise £27,000,000. And let it be remembered, that this would be £20,000,000 out of a total sum of £67,000,000 raised for all national purposes. But what share would they have in the national representation in the House, entrusted with the laying on of these and the other taxes which they pay? Next to no share at all. The subject was fully and ably discussed in Mr. Bright's recent speech at Birmingham. The hon. member then showed that there are not more than a million of voters in the United Kingdom, after allowing for persons belonging to the richer classes who have two or more votes in counties and boroughs, or in more counties than one; and that supposing each voter was the head of a family of the usual size, five persons, the represented classes of the population would amount to 5,000,000, and the unrepresented to 25,000,000; for the population of the United Kingdom is now 30,000,000. Here, then, we have the undoubted fact that five-sixths of the population of England, Scotland, and Ireland are entirely unrepresented, and have no greater power in the laying on of the taxes which they are forced to pay by the governing classes, than the people have in Russia or Austria; and yet we find, when a proposal is made by Mr. Bright and others to lessen the injustice to which they are subjected, that a cry is raised on the part of the tax-eating class, that their tax-paying political Helots would be unduly relieved from their fair share of the national burdens! And even now, when a Whig Government is pledged to carry a Reform Bill, which was expected to double the number of voters—an operation which Lord Derby's Bill, as explained by Mr. Disraeli, was to have accomplished—we find influential members of Parliament, and others calling themselves Liberals (!) expressing their fears that to double the number of voters would be to place the constitution in jeopardy! Even to double the number of voters, and supposing that there was only one voter in a family, would only be to place the whole power, and the Government of the country in the hands of "the upper ten millions" of the population, and still leave an industrious and tax-paying population of twenty millions entirely unrepre-

sented ; but if the statistics quoted by Mr. Bright at that meeting were correct, a £10 franchise for the counties, with a £6 franchise for the boroughs, which is understood to be the Government plan, would add only half a million of voters to the electoral roll, and consequently leave a population of twenty-two and a half millions entirely unrepresented. We have thus linked Financial and Parliamentary Reform together, because we believe them to be intimately connected, and that the one will never be attained to any great extent, except by means of the other. For this reason we most heartily rejoice that Mr. Bright, who has worked so vigorously for Parliamentary Reform, has also lent the influence of his talents and power to the cause of Financial Reform. The proposal made by Mr. Bright is, then, most just in itself ; it is eminently practical ; it is not rashly subversive of the established customs and habits of our people, but rather extends (though some may think too widely at one step) the principle which has been gradually at work in our recent legislation, of supplanting indirect by direct taxation. It puts on a nearer equality the incidence of the taxation of the country upon wealth and labour, and applies the boasted maxim of our and all representative Governments, "They who spend the taxes should pay them," more clearly than it has ever been applied before. And lastly, it would save, at a low estimate, eight millions a year, which the consumers of taxed articles now pay more than the Government receives.

It may have surprised our readers that we have ventured to name the positive amount of saving to be derived from this partial substitute of direct for indirect taxes. It is a further and sufficient reply to the argument of the *Times*—that a tax on wealth will prevent its accumulation—to state that this saving will chiefly benefit the trading and money-making classes, and be ultimately more than an equivalent to them for the just charges made on their realised wealth. The saving would partly arise from the abolition of Custom-houses, and partly from the abolition of the equal percentage of profit which the retailer is now obliged to charge on the amount of the tax, as well as on the original cost of the taxed article ; for both as regards the capital employed and trade risks, he is clearly entitled to make such charges, and does make them. If Mr. Bright's plan were carried out, there would be only three articles on which Customs duty would be chargeable—spirits, wine, and tobacco ; and as it could be enacted that these articles should all be landed only at a few of the principal ports, subject to proper facilities being given for transmitting them to all other places, it is plain that Custom-houses might be altogether abolished, except at perhaps a score of the chief ports, where a small staff of Custom-house officers might be kept, and thus an enormous saving of trouble and expense would be effected to the public. The coast-guard could watch the smugglers of the three articles, as they do at present. The saving would be equally obvious under the other head—the profit now charged on the duty by traders. Take a gallon of Cognac brandy as a simple illustration of the principle. The consumer of a gallon of brandy pays the spirit dealer perhaps 32s. for the gallon, including the original cost,

the duty, the profit of the importer, middleman, and retailer, on the original cost, and also on the duty from the time it was paid. If this transaction be traced to its source, it will be found that the original cost in bond was 9s. ; that the duty was 15s. ; and that the accumulated profit of all the parties through whose hands the gallon of brandy has passed, has been 8s., or one-third part of the original cost and of the duty. But abolish the duty, and the original cost being still 9s., if one-third be added to this by the dealers, the gallon of brandy will then be purchased for 12s. in place of 32s., so that the consumer will save 20s., while the Government will lose only 15s. ; and even from this 15s. the whole expenses of the Custom-house department have to be deducted, and probably 14s. will be the sum really lost by the Government, while the consumer will save 20s.* Apply this rule to the amount of customs duties proposed by Mr. Bright to be abolished, which is £17,643,287, including therein the customs and excise duties on books and paper. Let us assume that only £16,500,000 of this sum reaches the Exchequer, and then make a question of simple proportion of the saving to be effected, thus: If every 14s. of net loss to the Government saves an additional sum of 6s. to the consumer, what *additional* sum would be saved to the public by the loss of £16,500,000 to the Government? Answer. —The *additional* saving would be £7,071,000 per annum. The saving on the other ten millions of duties of various kinds proposed to be abolished by Mr. Bright would be smaller in proportion, but they would certainly increase this saving to £8,000,000.

* The finance account for the year ending 31st March, 1859, shows that the net amount of the national revenue paid into the Exchequer from all sources was £60,961,315 (p. 12), including therein £1,194,090 received from the sale of old stores, &c., which is not properly a branch of revenue at all. The sum expended in collecting and managing this revenue was £1,493,621. Of this amount the customs cost £838,202; inland revenue, £1,307,010; post-office, £1,854,868; woods and forests, £24,276; and "superannuations of revenue departments," £469,324 (p. 17). These sums are exclusive of the coast-guard service, which is included in the naval estimates; as is also the post-office packet service. These two branches, including the superannuations connected with them, cost above a million and a half additional, and thus increase the total cost of collecting and managing the public revenue to upwards of six millions, or ten per cent. on the net amount paid into the Exchequer. The navy estimates for the current year show that the "charge for the coast-guard service and Royal naval coast volunteers, included in the naval estimates, is £726,958" (Par. paper 42, p. 22); and there was afterwards voted a supplementary estimate of £100,000 (Par. paper 57, Sess. 2, p. 5) for the same purposes, making the total amount £826,958. Now this sum properly belongs to the expenses of the customs department, and should be so dealt with. There was a further payment last year of an annual charge of £65,775, for superannuations to the coast-guard service; but this sum is included in the general charge for superannuations for all the revenue departments before quoted (Finance Accounts, p. 19). The estimates for the post-office packet service, which ought to form a primary charge against the revenue derived from the post-office department, are included in the naval estimates, and amount to £1,006,337 (Par. paper 57, Sess. 2, pp. 2 & 3). The total cost of these two services, not included in the ordinary accounts under their proper heads, is thus

It has been argued that the proposal to lay on a tax of 8s. on every £100 worth of property or capital is something quite unheard of in the history of taxation, and more especially in the history of taxation in this country; but we are prepared to prove that this is a great mistake. Let us first, however, see what Mr. Bright's plan really is. As reported in the *Financial Reformer*, that gentleman says:—"I am going to show what I think would be a great, just, and practicable step, a long way in the direction which has for its realisation the ultimate and complete object which your association has in view. If you take the various Parliamentary returns which can be obtained, and spend a little time in calculation as to the probable value of the property possessed by the people of this country, I believe you will find that, excluding the property of every man who does not possess £100 *in one shape or another*, you would find the whole property of the country would approach, probably, seven thousand millions sterling. From calculations which I have made from these returns, I have put it down at *six thousand seven hundred millions*. Now, if this property could be fairly come at, and a reasonable tax imposed upon it, it is obvious that a large sum would be easily obtained. People say you could not get at it, but you do get at what is known as the income-tax, and there is no reason you should not get more. There will always be some men, in every country, who will endeavour to evade taxation of that kind, but the more just every man feels the taxation to be, the fewer will be the men to evade it (hear, hear); and the more men are convinced that a great change has been a great blessing, the more they will be disposed, by their own personal conduct, to support and continue the new state of things. Suppose, now, you were to pass a law that *every £100 worth of property*, exclusive of the property of those who don't possess £100, should pay 8s. to the State annually, make it more or less, but I will take the point to argue from—8s. would produce a sum of about twenty-seven millions sterling: it would be four times what the income-tax was last year—rather more; it would be spread over many times more persons; it would be collected at an inconsiderable expense; it would collect no more than was wanted, and the tax in reality would be nothing but what it pretended to be; and if in different districts *there were appointed committees chosen*—selected in some way partly by the Government and partly by the tax-payers of the district—it would be the means of giving confidence to the people; and I have no doubt whatever

£1,833,295. Adding this to the former sum, the cost of collecting and managing the national revenues amount to the enormous grand total of £6,326,916. The net revenue being only £59,767,225, after deducting the sum received from the sale of old stores, the real cost of collecting and management, when fairly stated, is 10 per cent., besides leaving over about £350,000 to be disposed of by those who may think any of the departments has been charged unduly with extraneous expenses. As one instance of the extravagant management which prevails, it may be noticed that the net revenue derived by the post-office from the packet service, which thus costs £1,006,337, is only £142,689 (*Finance Accounts*, p. 33).

but the tax would be as readily collected, and with infinitely less of the heart-burning, inquisition, and objection, than the income-tax is collected at the present hour. Now, what would be the pressure? The possessor of £100 would pay 8s. a year, but then his tea, coffee, sugar, and a heap of things, would be much cheaper to him, and his trade, whatever he might be engaged in, would receive a stimulus it never had received before. The owner of £1,000 would pay £4 a year. The owner of £10,000 would pay £40 a year. The owner of £100,000 would pay £400 a year. The owner of £1,000,000 would pay £4,000 a year. Is there anything unreasonable in this? Is this revolutionary doctrine?" (Great cheering.) Now, so far from this plan thus described being a scheme entirely unheard of in the financial history of this country, it is identical in its principles and details, and in the machinery proposed for bringing it into successful operation with the principles and details of the annual supply, Act. IV. William and Mary (1692), which was continued by other annual Acts, with this single exception, that the Act of William and Mary, in place of laying on a tax of 8s. on every £100 worth of property or money, laid on one of three times that amount, of twenty-four shillings on every £100, as will be seen by the following quotations from the Act:—"That all and every person, bodies politick and corporate, guilds and fraternities, &c., having an estate in ready monies, or in any debts whatsoever owing to them, within this realm *or without*, or having any estate in goods, wares, merchandise, or other chattels, or personal estate, whatsoever, within the realm *or without*, belonging to or in trust for them (after deducting therefrom all debts owing by them, and all *bad debts* owing to them), *shall yield and pay* unto their Majesties four shillings in the pound, according to the true yearly value thereof for any one year; *that is to say*, for every £100 of such ready money and debts, and for *every one hundred pounds worth* of such goods, wares, merchandise, or other chattels, or other personal estate, *the sum of four and twenty shillings.*"—(§ 2). The explanation of the apparent discrepancy between "four shillings in the pound" and "four-and-twenty shillings" on "every £100 worth" of capital or property is, that six pounds per cent. per annum was then the recognised rate of interest payable for borrowed money, and also the recognised average rent derived from every £100 invested in land or houses, or any other description of property. In short, £100, in whatever way it might then have been employed, was really worth, and held to be "worth" £6 a year to the owner; and hence, as 4s. on every £1 would be 24s. on every £6 of interest, it would likewise be 24s. on every £100 of capital which the £6 of interest represented. The average price of land did not then exceed sixteen years' purchase. An investor in lands would thus get 6 per cent. for his money, and an investor in the public funds got rather more, for this very Act authorises Government to borrow a large sum on the security of the new taxes at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum; and an Act of the same kind, passed two years thereafter, authorised a million and

a-half to be borrowed at the rate of 8 per cent. At the present time both kinds of property bear to each other as nearly as possible the same relative value, although now yielding hardly three and a-quarter per cent. per annum. But the point to which we wish chiefly to direct attention is, that it was on the real amount of the money, or goods, or other property which any man possessed, that the tax was then laid, and that the 4s. per pound on the annual proceeds was merely the convenient form for stating the account, and applied with equal fairness to owners of all property, of whatever kind, whether real or personal. There was no scrutiny respecting the separate scales of *income* accruing to persons who possessed the same amount of money or other property, although employed in various forms. There were no questions put whether the capital was employed in trade, or lent on mortgage. The inquiry of the tax-gatherer was not how much did you make last year by your money or business? He did not inquire whether it was 3, 6, 9, or 12 per cent. per annum, according to the different ways in which it was employed, but how much was the amount of your *capital*? Putting it in another form, and one well understood at the present day, the question was, how much is your whole property and capital "worth" after deducting all the debts you owe and all the bad debts standing in your books? The answer to this question being given, all persons were equally charged at a rate corresponding with 24s. a year on every £100 which they were "worth;" or, what was then the same thing, 4s. on every pound of their income, computed *at one uniform percentage*, just as Mr. Bright proposes to charge one-third of that amount, or 8s., for every £100 which the present taxpayers may be "worth." The only other difference between the two plans is, that while Mr. Bright altogether exempts parties who do not possess £100 in all "in one shape or another," there is no such exemption in the Act of William and Mary.

Having thus dealt with the question of personal property, the Act thus proceeds to deal with landed property, charging it in like manner four shillings on every pound of annual rent, which, as already stated, was equal to 24s. on every £100 that the land was "worth."

"And to the end, a further aid and supply for their Majesty's occasions may be raised by a charge upon all lands, tenements, and hereditaments with as much equality and indifference as is possible by a pound rate of 4s. for every 20s. of *the true yearly value* for one year, and no longer; be it enacted that all descriptions of lands, &c., are *hereby charged*, for one year only, and no longer, with the sum of *four shillings for every twenty shillings of the full yearly value.*" — (§ 4.)

The holders of all public offices derived in any way from the State, whether having fixed salaries, or incomes wholly or partially derived from fees were charged in the same way as incomes from land and personal property; but there is no clause in the Act taxing any other parties than public officers, or taxing any mere *incomes*

which might be derived from professional skill or personal labour, except in so far as the past earnings of that professional skill or personal labour might have been accumulated into money on other property, in which case the accumulated money or other property of the professional and trading classes was taxed under the clause first quoted, in the same way as the accumulations of all other classes; and this is also the leading principle of Mr. Bright's plan. The plan had not then been invented which now prevails, of relieving land of its fair share of taxation by making professional and mercantile men who earn, say, £1,000 a year by their skill or personal labour, pay the same amount of property-tax as the men who get £1,000 a year from estates, for which they invested £30,000. The clause taxing the holders of public offices is as follows:—

“All persons exercising *any public office or employment* shall pay unto their Majesties the sum of four shillings for every twenty shillings which he or they do receive in one year by virtue of any salaries, gratuities, bounty, money, reward, fees, or profits to him or them accruing.” There is no limitation as to the amount of the emoluments of these public officers at which the tax is to commence. Four shillings in the pound was made chargeable on what each person received, whether his emoluments were great or small. Mr. Bright proposes that local committees should be appointed in every district or town to aid the Government in laying on the tax fairly. This was also the plan adopted in the Act of William and Mary.

The question whether professional and trading incomes as such should be taxed apart from the capital which such parties may possess connected with their several professions and occupations, or which they may have invested in some separate and distinct form, is one on which much difference of opinion exists. The late Joseph Hume's Select Committee of the House of Commons appointed in 1852, took a great deal of valuable evidence on the subject, to which those who wish to go deeply into the matter would do well to refer. Many actuaries and other eminent men, including Dr. Far, of London, contended that all such incomes ought to be taxed, but only after being first capitalised into a sum which would fairly represent the present value of the probable earnings of such parties during their whole lives. In this computation, these witnesses would take into account not only the probabilities of life, but also the probability of sickness or successful competition diminishing the present income, and all other considerations which might render the incomes uncertain. Thus, an income of £1,000 a year might, in certain circumstances, be valued at ten years' purchase, or £10,000, and a property-tax of, say, 5 per cent. in place of being levied on £1,000 a-year and charged at £50, would be levied on the interest of £10,000 at 4 per cent. per annum, or whatever was considered a fair rate of interest for the time being. In this way the interest being only £400, the 5 per cent. property tax would be charged in that sum, and thus the pro-

fessional or mercantile man would have to pay only £20 in place of the £50 which he is forced to pay by the present iniquitous system. Mr. Bright's plan, like that embodied in the Act of William and Mary, disregards all these niceties of calculation, and charges the professional man only on the value of his library, his house, his furniture, horses, carriages, pictures, plate, money in the bank, including therein the whole of his annual or quarterly savings, and on any separate property he may have invested in other forms; in short, it charges him on what his executor would say he was "worth" if he were to die immediately after the proper time for making out his tax schedule had arrived. The mercantile man would be charged for the same kind of property, and also for all the capital, fixed and floating, employed by him in his mercantile affairs. Which of these would be the better plan it is not our province to determine; but it ought to be remembered, that so long as only twenty-seven out of sixty-seven millions of gross revenue are proposed to be levied in the form proposed by Mr. Bright, the question is not one of great pecuniary magnitude. The usual objection is put in the form of a question: "What would you do with the man who earns £1,000 and saves nothing, for by this plan he would pay no taxes?" The answer is, that in spending his £1,000 a-year, although he would altogether escape Mr. Bright's tax, he would pay his share of the other forty millions of taxes on that expenditure of £1,000, and thus would contribute more to the national revenue than the man who earning £1,000 a-year, always saved £500 of it, and continued to pay 8s. on every £100 of this accumulated capital, because he would pay his share of the forty millions of taxation only on his expenditure of £500 a-year. But if the whole national revenue were to be raised in this new form, the question would be one of a great pecuniary magnitude and importance, as would also be the question, "How would the working classes contribute their fair share of the national debt?" Since, however, Mr. Bright's proposal does not contemplate this result, it is not necessary at present to go more deeply into these questions. Thanks to the untiring energy and perseverance of Mr. Cobden, the enlightened liberality of the Emperor of the French, and the distinguished financial ability of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Financial Reforms which we have been discussing must come into more or less general operation much sooner than many even of the zealous friends of the cause contemplated at the time when Mr. Bright delivered his able address. A commercial treaty with France will no doubt require, in addition to reducing the wine duty to one shilling per gallon, and abolishing the duty on silks and other articles of French manufacture, that the duty on French brandy should be reduced to the same rate as the duty on Colonial spirits, which is now 8s. 2d. per gallon, which will occasion an additional loss of revenue not included in Mr. Bright's computations. The duty on brandy and other foreign spirits amounted last year, at 15s. per gallon, to £893,370; and a reduction to 8s. 2d. would therefore occasion a loss of about £426,000. This financial loss

would, however, be a great moral gain, because, in addition to the benefits arising from the increased intercourse with France, the temptation to smuggling would be greatly diminished by the reduction of the duty; and if a proper reduction were, at the same time, made on tobacco—the only remaining article on which customs duty would be chargeable if Mr. Bright's plan were adopted—three-fourths of the enormous expense now incurred for the coastguard service might be saved, in addition to saving probably seven-eighths of the otherwise connected expenses with the customs department. The late Joseph Hume obtained a great deal of evidence respecting the quantity of tobacco smuggled into this country; and he estimated the quantity which paid duty at only one-third of the quantity really consumed. He always argued that a reduction of the duty from 3*s.* 1*d.*, the present rate of duty, to 1*s.* per pound weight would extinguish the smuggler, and ultimately be no loss to the public revenue; and many other able men have arrived at similar conclusions. But supposing the duty were reduced to one shilling, and the quantity taxed were only to be doubled—which is certainly a very moderate calculation—the loss of revenue would be about £1,850,000. Adding the loss on brandy, as before mentioned, the total loss, not included in Mr. Bright's schedule, would be £2,276,000; and this would require his 8*s.* tax to be increased to rather more than 8*s.* 6*d.* on every £100, if there were no saving of expenses arising out of the reduction; but with the large savings, which certainly would follow, 8*s.* 6*d.* on every £100 would be more than sufficient for all purposes.

We have hitherto dealt with the saving to be effected by the abolition of the customs duties, as if they were all simply ordinary taxes, and not protective duties; but many of them are plainly protective, as, for example, the duties on corn amount to £582,863; the duty on butter to £94,795; on cheese, £44,220; eggs, £23,864; tallow, £84,932; timber, £574,239; and silk manufactures, £295,073. These duties tend to increase the price of all articles of the same description produced in this country; and thus, from the great quantity of such home productions, occasion an enormous amount of additional, although unseen taxation, far beyond what the public have any idea of.

The value of corn and similar articles of ordinary food imported is, of itself, enormous; although forming only a small proportion of the value of the articles of food produced and consumed in this country—all of which are more or less enhanced in price by the tax, or protective duty, imposed on some of the imported articles, the several amounts of which have been already stated. According to the official rates of valuation (*Finance Accounts*, p. 92), the value of the corn, meal, and flour imported last year was £14,523,771; rice, £2,780,600; sago, £241,517; potatoes, £858,610; butter, £560,590; cheese, £551,375; tallow, £1,311,822; lard, £179,652; bacon, pork, hams, and beef, £682,151; fish, £234,757; oxen and sheep, £83,209. Although a small proportion of these articles was

afterwards exported, the quantity which remained shows that we are dependent on foreign countries for very large supplies of food ; and that, although the value of the imported articles may, perhaps, not average more than one tenth part of the value of the home-grown produce we consume, the other ten parts must all be increased in price to some extent by the duties, however small, imposed on the foreign articles which come into competition with our home-grown produce ; and the same remarks will apply to the duties on timber, French silks, gloves, and all other protected articles. As respects the duty on corn, the Tythes Commutation average prices of corn for the last seven years were published in the *London Gazette* of the 6th Jan., and they show that the average price of wheat was 59s. ; barley, 36s. 4d. ; and oats, 25s. The aggregate cost of one quarter of each is £6 0s. 4d., and the duty on each quarter being one shilling, the average protective duty on corn has thus been, for the last seven years, two-and-a-half per cent—a large wholesale profit ; but on oatmeal, the food of a large portion of the poorer classes in Scotland and Ireland, the duty, according to our usual rate, has been larger—equal to four per cent. on the average value of the oats. It has been correctly stated, that in order to ascertain the real extent of the burdens caused by our system of indirect taxation, we must not only calculate the amount of each tax, the profits of the trader thereon, and the expenses connected with its collection, but we must “enter into the minutiae of the unrecorded, but not the less felt, charges added both to duty and to cost of its collection, on each article of food, apparel, and domestic use, by the shackles which the baneful system imposes upon trade, commerce, and agriculture—thus often adding three to five hundred per cent. on the prime cost of the article, by the absurd and ruinous impediments it throws in their way.” The estimated amount of the loss to the country occasioned by the combined operation of these causes on the whole of the existing indirect taxes, is estimated in “the People’s Blue-Book” at one hundred and four millions of pounds on every seventy millions collected ; and the *Financial Reformer*, quoting this authority, observes that any attempt to controvert these figures “would only end in showing how very much this estimate is under the truth ; and if the whole truth were stated, it would be so astounding as to be incredible.” (P. 118.) We are not, however, prepared to endorse those opinions to the full extent, although, as we have already proved, the burden must be enormous.

In concluding our paper, we cannot refrain from expressing our approbation of the principles of Mr. Bright’s measure of Finance Reform, however modified they may be in its special details ; and while we cannot vouch for all the glowing results to follow it which the enthusiasm of the orator portrays, we are convinced that his expectations, though perhaps too sanguine, are based on the soundest evidence, when he says, that “if the Chancellor of the Exchequer would put the eight shilling tax in the hundred pounds, and the whole of these other taxes could be taken off, trade would

be extended, intercourse with all nations would be vastly and immediately increased; shipping, manufactures, commerce, and agriculture would all feel new life at once; and, what is better than all, and the grand result of all, the comforts of the great body of the people would be enormously increased; shopkeepers, retailers, traders of every kind would be benefited, and would find business much improved; while the whole aspect of the country would be changed beyond everything we can imagine. Since 1846, when a large impulse was given to trade in consequence of the repeal of the corn laws,—though it cannot perhaps be wholly laid to that change, there is no doubt that it was mainly owing to it,—the exports of this country have been more than doubled in twelve or thirteen years. Make the alteration I am proposing, and a change would be effected in the condition of the country generally, and the gratulation among the people would exceed, beyond the power of language to describe, that which has been experienced during the last twelve years."

Brief Notices.

MISCELLANIES. By Charles Kingsley.
2 vols. J. W. Parker and Son. 1859.

WE placed these two pleasant-looking volumes in the hands of a gentleman from whom we expected to receive a careful estimate of Mr. Kingsley's power, and a brief analysis of the good and evil elements of his influence over the middle classes of our English people. He has thought proper to put his criticism in the shape of a letter. His vivacity of manner well compensates for the gravity of a review, which we desiderate. At any rate, though he assumes the egotism of the "I," his judgment is as reliable as if he were masked in the infallible "We."

"Editor of ECLECTIC.

"Mr. Editor,—You and I remember very well the excitement with which we used to read some of the earlier of Mr. Kingsley's articles in the "North British"—how vivid, how hearty,

how vehement they were! The "North British" was sowing its wild oats then, and we were confounded by the daring and impetuosity in which its editor permitted his staff to indulge. It has become steady as a mill-horse or a luggage-train now, and on the whole the change is for the better; but the life and glow of its more erratic epoch have departed. Whether Mr. Kingsley's fame will be heightened by the re-publication of these impassioned declamations—criticisms they never were—may be doubted. In the "Review," we rushed through them in hot haste, with all the enthusiasm with which Mr. Bright's audiences listen to his wonderful speeches; in these volumes we cannot help reading them with the quiet, critical humour with which these same speeches are read by old red-tape heroes in the *Times* next morning. It would be easy to select passages which look very rough on close inspection, which, when read

hurriedly appeared to be miracles, of literary beauty. Strange and almost incredible inconsistencies force themselves here and there upon one's notice. But still the volumes are amazingly enjoyable. It would be hardly possible to have pleasanter reading for those quiet hours which are necessary to make the kindest and most intelligent society completely delightful.

"I wonder why Mr. Kingsley does not write his sermons in the same style as his reviews, his lectures, his novels, and his speeches. How is it he does not see that if he wants to do his true work in the pulpit, he should use there all the manifold powers with which God has so richly endowed him. If, instead of trying so desperately hard to be simple, he preached naturally, without thinking for a moment whether he was understood or not, we pledge our word that the good people at Eversley would listen to him with ten times more interest, delight, and profit. And if our estimate of the bucolic mind is false—if Mr. Kingsley's parishioners would not comprehend their rector's free and unconstrained utterance of all that is in him—we think Mr. Kingsley should get another living. We have no idea that a preacher can be required permanently to crucify half his nature that he may "adapt" himself to his hearers. An artificial plainness of thought and style is only a little more respectable than an artificial ruin; nothing but the motive protects it from contempt. For every Divinely-commissioned preacher there are hearers who require the putting forth of every faculty God has given him; and it should be every preacher's business to find, as soon as possible, where these hearers are. Mr. Kingsley's writings are far better sermons than he preaches in Eversley Church, unless his published sermons are the worst he has ever delivered.

"That there are many fine and noble elements in Mr. Kingsley's books—and in these two volumes of *Miscellanies*,

for example—it would be uncandid and unjust to deny. Their excellences lie on the very surface, and it is impossible for the most careless reader to miss them. His style is rapid and free, beyond the rivalry of any contemporary author; and his power of word-painting—whatever may be the rank and honour due to that faculty—is unsurpassed by any modern writer of prose, except Ruskin. His imagination, without being of the grandest order, sheds a rich lustre over every page he writes; and his hearty love and hearty hatred give a throbbing pulse to every sentence.

"But the reading of these two volumes has confirmed the impression which I had formed long before, from a tolerably extensive acquaintance with Mr. Kingsley's more important books—that he is destitute of some of the faculties which are most necessary to a trustworthy and really beneficial public teacher. I do not know whether it has ever struck your mind, but I have often thought that one of the most grievous and alarming characteristics of modern writing and thinking is the utter and obvious inability of many of our most popular and powerful authors to judge of the evidence by which truth and falsehood are really to be discriminated. It is a joke against new-married folks that they often choose their house by the prettiness of the papers which happen to be on the walls, without thinking at all about its substantial and permanent conveniences; and there are many well-known names which I could quote that seem obvious to the same charge in the formation of their opinions. If a theory stimulates the fancy—if it has an air of freedom and magnanimity—if it is easily thrown into a beautiful and noble form—they seem to be abundantly well satisfied. In other words, they choose their creed, not for its truth but its beauty; they do not ask whether it be founded on an eternal rock, and equal to all the necessities of their mysterious being,

but whether it please the eye and delight the taste.

"I believe that this is the worst element of Mr. Kingsley's influence. Our mental habits are moulded insensibly by the books which interest and delight us most. Whatever may be our theory of logic, our practical logic will be derived from our favourite authors. And hence, although many of Mr. Kingsley's opinions are false and mischievous, his *method* is still more injurious. His writings are likely to ruin the mental soundness of his readers, to destroy the grave, serious, honest habit of refusing to receive anything, no matter how fascinating, which does not bring authoritative credentials, and receiving everything which is adequately demonstrated, no matter how antagonistic to all our tastes and sympathies. Mr. Kingsley's theory of the Universe seems to us to labour under the unfortunate objection of being formed without any regard to the facts which it ought to explain, or at any rate acknowledge. It is as mere a dream as any of the Cosmogonies which have been driven to eternal night by the doctrines of the *Novum Organum*. If right, it is by mere accident, and on some infinitely important matters it is grievously wrong. It is the creation of his own fancies, tastes, and wishes; and is as pure a work of fiction as any of his novels.

"If I mistake not, the next generation will suffer greatly in consequence of the extent to which the licentious habit of dealing with the Moral Universe is being strengthened by our popular literature. Not to speak of the evil results of this habit on all theological thought, and ultimately on the purity of our social life, it must impair, if not destroy, that practical sagacity which, for centuries, has been the greatest and most conspicuous attribute of English statesmanship. An empire like ours will always need at the head of its affairs, and filling many of the subordinate offices of state, men who

are trained to look with a clear and almost infallible eye on the actual condition of things with which they have to deal. The faculty of governing an imaginary commonwealth is a very poor endowment. 'Facts are chieftains that winna ding;' the rough material of human history will not be transformed into new shapes by any enchantments of fancy; it must be accepted just as it is. The stern laws under which we live must be honestly and reverently acknowledged, or we can work no deliverance for our race.

"Mr. Kingsley's old misrepresentations of Evangelical religion appear, of course, in these 'Miscellanies,' altogether unmodified. He knows as little about Evangelical Christians as he does about the inhabitants of Jupiter.

"That the 'religious world' have too much neglected the claims of secular benevolence, is a fact which cannot be denied, but Mr. Kingsley's explanations of it are equally uncharitable and fictitious. The true account of the matter, I believe, is this. Our English religious life is mainly the offspring of the great religious revival of the last century; and our theology and ethics, indeed all our traditions and habits, bear the stamp of our origin. Whitfield and Wesley were fired with a sublime passion for the salvation of men; they were under such an awful impression of the spiritual guilt and misery in which the mass of their countrymen were plunged, that it was simply impossible for them to give much heed to the transient sorrows of this life. There was one thing to be done, and that was, to save men from rebellion against God in this world, and from hell in the next—nothing was worthy of their thought or effort which did not minister more or less to this great end. This grand conviction gave to the whole movement which they originated its peculiar characteristics. Worship was thought far less important than preaching, for it is by the 'Word' that we are brought to

Christ. 'Usefulness' meant success in converting the ungodly; the sanctification of those who already believed seemed a very inferior matter. The doctrines which must be constantly preached are those which are likely to startle the conscience of the sinner, and to lead in faith to Christ; to 'leave the first principles of the Gospel of Christ, and to go on unto perfection,' was to be unfaithful to the first great duty of an Evangelical Preacher. A benevolent care for the temporal wants of men had been made too often a substitute for spiritual religion; and, moreover, the greatest temporal miseries were utterly insignificant compared with men's spiritual necessities, and so all thought and effort were naturally devoted to work which was distinctly directed to the recovery of 'sinners from the error of their ways.

"But it may be most fairly urged that since, in these days, the most earnest members of his great party are not too absorbed in spiritual thought to care for their own physical health and comfort — they have no right to claim absolution from the duty of promoting the physical health and comfort of others. If in their vehement zeal for the salvation of men they become indifferent to the splendour of their own houses, the abundance of their own tables, their personal ease and their personal health, we might admire and almost approve their too general indifference to the great charities which are intended to relieve the present sufferings of mankind. But now that they have become worldly enough to think of all that concerns their own temporal well-being, they must not say that they are too spiritual to think of the well-being of others. The traditions of a grander age are, however, governing them still; and it is not very easy for them to see that the change in the temperature of their piety requires a change in the adjustment of their activities.

"But you must not imagine that I regard these volumes as wholly and universally evil. There is much in

them which I have read with great delight, and, I trust, with profit. Would to God that Charles Kingsley could live for six months with any one among half-a-dozen of the leaders of the Evangelical party which he so miserably misunderstands. I believe that though his habits of thought are now too firmly set to be wholly reconstructed, he would promptly and candidly acknowledge that up till now he has been wholly ignorant of the real spirit and principles of those whom he has so violently abused.

"I think you have never been into North Devon, and may not therefore enjoy as heartily as I have the paper from Fraser (1849) which appears in the second of these two volumes, but which I do not remember reading before, entitled "North Devon: A Prose Idyll." But read it, and you will thirst for Lyemouth, Exmoor, and Clovelly. Did I tell you when we met a month or two ago that during my summer rambles I saw Charles Kingsley's early home? I believe that a day or two in that lovely region is one of the best possible commentaries on all the literary qualities of his writings. A strange, wild, beautiful place is Clovelly. It lies on the North Devon Coast, about eleven or twelve miles west of Bideford, and the whole country round is rich in association with the grandest periods of our national life. "Westward Ho" has made us all familiar with the adventurous spirit of the Bideford people in the old days; and it is a pleasant thing to wander about the streets of the good old town and lean over its famous bridge with thoughts of all that has sprung out of the spirit and daring of its ancient inhabitants. And here, not long ago, Froude and Kingsley worked together, the one at his history, and the other at the fiction which has shed such a glory on Bideford itself and all the good county of Devon. Not far from Bideford lies Torrington, where John Howe walked with God and held high converse with the spirits of just men made perfect in

the blessedness of the righteous. Murray's Guide, a capital book for most practical purposes, vouchsafes the following information about him: 'John Howe, a *Dissenting minister of some celebrity*, (!) b. 1630, lived for several years at Torrington. Whilst residing here, a curious coincidence occurred. A fire broke out in his house, but it was providentially extinguished by a sudden fall of rain. On the evening of the same day he received a letter, which concluded with this remarkable prayer—'May the dew of heaven be upon your dwelling!' This is all that John Murray, of Albemarle-street, thought it necessary to say of John Howe, the prince of English theologians. The author of the 'Living Temple' was 'a Dissenting minister of some celebrity.' We should rather think he was. We wonder whether Mr. Murray's 'Handbook for London' informs his readers that at Apsley-house, there lived the Duke of Wellington, an officer in the English army who won some reputation in the Peninsula and at Waterloo, and was remarkable for the shortness of his notes and the length of his nose.

"The road from Bideford to Torrington follows the Torridge (who has forgotten the sweet Rose of Torridge?). The road to Clovelly runs near the sea.

"Clovelly itself, where Charles Kingsley spent his boyhood, is a fishing town—or, perhaps, I might call it a fishing village—rooted rather than built on precipitous rocks. Most luxuriant foliage gathers round it from the top of the cliff down to the very water's edge, and it seems altogether a place for creatures with wings rather than common men and women who have to go along upon a pair of legs. The road is literally a pebbled flight of stairs, and the perpendicular descent from the Holly to the Pier can scarcely be less than 500 feet. The houses, most of them, seem to have been built to stand a siege, the walls are so thick and strong. Mr. Kingsley's father was incumbent

of the church for many years; and some of the old fishermen remember Master Charley very well, and told me he used to be a great hand at going out with the boats. They seemed to cherish a very kindly remembrance of him, but had a very faint idea of the greatness and fame to which he has risen.

"One had only to look round on the magnificent cliff and ocean scenery, and to chat with the men that hung about the little pier, to discover the external influences which have helped to give form and colour to Kingsley's mind. His enthusiastic admiration of natural scenery—his love of physical robustness and daring—his free, hearty way of thinking and talking—must have been greatly cherished by the queer, wild life at Clovelly. The passion he has for natural history came, I think, from another quarter. If I mistake not, he was a pupil for some time of Mr. Johns, of Helstone, whose admirable little book called 'A Week at the Lizard' is the best guide-book for that interesting district, and contains abundant evidence that it would scarcely be possible for a bright, ardent boy to be with him even for a month without getting a wonderful liking for birds, beasts, and fishes.

"I am, faithfully yours,
"BERNARD."

TRUE WOMANHOOD. Memorials of Eliza Hessel. By Joshua Priestly. Second Edition: Hamilton, Adams, and Co.

We can promise our friends that they will read this book through with great interest. We have here a landscape of beautiful real life which makes lasting memories on us as we pass through it.

The character of Miss Hessel well illustrates the title which the author has chosen for his work. Heretofore we have been wont to meet with "young ladies" who "finish their education." What is meant by "education" in these cases it would be hard to tell. We have our own con-

viction, however, that the "finished" result is often worth very little. Eliza Hessel was moulded in the high school of home. Her nature was artless, feminine, and domestic, and excellently trained in household duties. She thus fell into none of the grand affectations which so commonly make young women ridiculous. Her soul was a growth of simplicity, good sense, poetry, and strong natural affections. In one of her letters she says, "I detest the word 'intellectual' as applied to a woman." And yet, far removed from the prating egotism of a blue-stocking, she nevertheless toiled with unusual resolution in many paths of general knowledge and literature. Some will judge that she read too much; and certainly reading may be enlarged at the expense of thinking. The aim should doubtless be to discipline while we enrich the mind.

Above all, the Christian life, in this instance of it, was a genuine consciousness, and a clear example, wrought in her through many conflicts, by a deep faith in the Saviour, and a steadfast adherence to the Word of God. And let all who may be tried in the same way be thus assured of finding the same consolation.

We can thoroughly recommend the "Memorials," and believe they will have a wide circulation. In this second edition the woodcut in the vignette has been replaced with a steel engraving.

THROUGH NORWAY WITH A KNAPSACK.
By Mr. Mattien Williams. Smith,
Elder, and Co., London.

MR. WILLIAMS is a sensible man, and that is a great point in anybody who undertakes to write a book. He contrives, without telling the reader every little detail that cannot interest him, and without compressing his matter into the rigid mould of a guide-book, to make himself a very agreeable, entertaining, and intelligent companion through the district he has

lately traversed. His descriptions of scenery are natural; and though his enjoyment of it is evidently intense, he has the good sense and good taste to avoid those transcendental raptures which add nothing to the information of the reader, and make the author look ridiculous.

Mr. Williams's tour was in many respects the same as Professor Forbes's. Starting from Christiana, he walked along the high road over the Doffjeld to Drontheim; thence went by steamer north, almost as far as the North Cape, calling in at the fiords and islands along the coast, traversing the scene of the fabulous Maelström, and passing into the Arctic circle, and the region of midnight noon; came southward again by a returning steamer, and landed at Drontheim; and thence wound his way over mountain and valley, by fiord and river, back to Christiana, his original starting point. The scenery among the Lofodden Islands, especially in Junk, before the snow is yet melted from the lofty cliffs, among which the vessel winds in narrow channels, looking ever like little land-locked lakes, is described by Mr. Williams and by Professor Forbes in terms which tantalise you that you only fancy, and cannot see it. The Romsdal, too, the glenco of Norway, which Mr. Williams visited, has a fascination which it seems difficult to resist. But will nobody step in to save the life of that poor creature the Maelström? Who that read in his boyhood of a roaring whirling abyss of waters, sucking in everything which approached it—who that pictured the devouring monster, lashed into fury by the storm, gulping whales at a mouthful, and swallowing whole navies without the smallest inconvenience, can hear without pity of the miserable fallen condition in which it is now compelled to live? Every traveller of late years has had a sly hit at the expiring monster; but Mr. Williams seems savagely resolved to give it the last kick. He certainly kicks pretty hard, assuring the public

that the said awful gulf might in ordinary states of the wind and tide be safely navigated in a cock-boat. This is adding insult to injury. The myth dies, and is buried in ignominy as an impostor. Alas for all our old dreams!

On scientific subjects, which frequently arise during the course of his rambles, Mr. Williams gives generally opinions which at least strike one for their good sense. A slight tendency to combativeness, especially on the subject of education, where he has strong opinions of a sternly utilitarian character, is frequently traceable; but on all subjects, except education, his views are at least plausible, and well sustained by facts. His theory of the cause of the mirage is ingenious, and is so strictly in accordance with well known optical laws that we have little hesitation in adopting it as true. On the whole, we have great pleasure and great confidence in recommending this little work to the attention of our readers. If they mean to travel in the district, it will give them a good idea of the scenery and manners of the people without travelling.

THE TWO HOMES. By William Matthews. Three vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co.

THIS novel we shall not characterise, only repeat what all the world knows, that the firm which publishes it is on the look-out for merit in this department of literature, and that novels as well as human beings are dividable into the classes of better and worse. It is a kind of oracular puzzle. We shall present our readers simply with one or two of the running titles of the book, without hunting further at its plot, or pronouncing on its merits, that those who are so disposed may exercise their constructive faculty in making out a story from these *data*; and that those who like their pleasures to come to them without effort may order the tale from the library.

It will be observed, then, from

certain items in the short-hand summary of matter which tops the pages of "The Two Homes," such as "Mr. Graham Jumps to a Happy Conclusion"—"Minnie being Drawn Out"—"Nervousness—the Remedy"—"Our First Pony"—"Tally-ho"—"Cub Hunting—Dear Little Minnie"—"Criticism on Riding"—"The American and English Races"—"Mrs. Graham Fences," &c., &c.; that the two homes of our novels are two stables; that the proper names are those of quadrupeds, not bipeds; and that the novel scents of the turf and training ground, Epsom and Newmarket, hunting lodge and steeple chase, rather than of interests more exclusively human. Whether Nimrod or Harry Hieover constructing the novel in this sense from our pregnant hint would not make a better story of it is not for us to say. Such an event lies in the far-off region of possibilities, and there for the present we must leave it, trusting that the gratitude of our readers will attend the efforts just now made for their illumination at once by this not-multitudinous summary of topics in the picture before us, and by the clue we furnish to its prevailing character.

POEMS, by Lieutenant-Colonel William Read. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1859.

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